The Nationalist.

FREEDOM. TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE NATIONALIST.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—BY THE—

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TERMS.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

I'LL LOVE THEE NO MORE.

[BY J. J. CALLANAN.]

When dullness shall chain the wild harp that would
praise thee,
When its last sigh of freedom is heard on thy shore,
When its raptures shall bless the false heart that betrays
thee
Oh then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love three no more!

When their sons are less tame than their own ocean
waters,
When their last flash of wit and of genius is o'er,
When virtue and beauty forsake thy young daughters,
Oh, then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no more!

When the sun that now holds his bright path o'er thy
mountains,
Forgets the green fields that he smiled on before,
Where no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes and thy
fountains
Oh, then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no more!

When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall sever,
When the freedom you lost you no longer deplore,
When the thoughts of your wrongs shall be sleeping
for ever,
Oh, then, Erin Mavourneen, I'll love thee no more.

Ireland.

JAMES STEPHENS: In reference to the honor justly done to the giant intellect, persistent energy, and undying patriotism of the Founder of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, by the Irish Nationalists assembled in Paris on the evening of last Patrick's Day, when they made his name the central point of attraction at their banquet, the Chairman, Mr. Patrick Casey, writes to the *Irishman* in these pithy terms:—

"PARIS, March 31, 1873.

EDITOR IRISHMAN: In your published report of the proceedings in Paris, in connection with the celebration of the National Festival, I am pained to notice the omission of the name of Stephens—that name having occupied the place of honor in our banquet room. It was surrounded by those of other patriots. This post we considered him entitled to, in consideration of his unparalleled services to the cause of Irish nationality."

The time for writing fully of Mr. Stephens has not arrived, but *the end is not yet*. We have watched and admired the effect his dignified silence has produced. We have noted the withering away of the foul calumnies levelled against his character, and hopefully wait for the moment when events will justify him in taking again his rightful place at the head of the Irish revolutionary element. The chief who put new life into the nation has not yet completed his herculean task, of establishing an Irish Republic; but he is true to his mission, and, we trust, will, in the near future, so supplement the labors of his past life, that a liberated land may sing pœans in his honor. Even now, no Irish revolutionist has such a hold on our people, of which we, the Californian Irish, are living evidence. The nationalists assembled in Paris honored themselves by honoring him. Though he is himself a thousand leagues away from either Paris or San Francisco, his spirit walks abroad in the two cities.

Notwithstanding the violent denunciations to which Fenianism was subjected in Kerry, £50 were collected on the 15th for the families of the political prisoners.

At the Clare assizes, Patrick, John, Simon, Bridget and Maria O'Brien, and Mary McInnery were indicted for having, on the 15th of January, at Tarmon, near Kilrush, riotously assembled and assaulted a rent warner named Michael Noonan. They administered to him an illegal oath to compel him to give up possession of a portion of land which they had formerly held. The traversers were acquitted.

Some time ago, a gentlemanly-looking man presented himself at the Kingstown Police Station, Dublin, and requested to be provided with accommodation for the night. On being refused he left the office, and deliberately thrust his walking stick through the glass of the lamp over the door. He was, of course, then arrested, and ordered to pay a fine of 40s. The fine was paid. The prisoner, upon whom a small sum of money and a bottle of champagne were found, described himself as John Jones, 22 Downpatrick street, Belfast.

In the case of Sub-Inspector Thomas H. Montgomery, tried at the Tyrone Assizes for the murder of Mr. Glass, the jury after a twelve days' trial disagreed, ten being for conviction, and two for acquittal. The prisoner was promised a new trial.

The men of Mayo have not altogether forgotten the old customs which made marriage so peculiarly interesting in that region. At the Castlebar Assizes, before the Rt. Hon. Justice Morris, Michael Francis Costelloe, a respectable young shopkeeper in the town of Cuiltyamaugh, was placed in the dock and indicted for having feloniously taken away one Anne Jane Mullarkey, on the 11th of January last, with intent to marry her against her will. Both parties are very respectable in life. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to one calendar month's imprisonment, and to keep the peace for two years. Now, as the young lady will be his, the month will make both hearts grow fonder, and as to the peace, he can make that a family matter.

A graduate of the swell-mob university of London and Glasgow, was up last month before the Recorder in Dublin for relieving a Mr. Reilly of his watch. In accordance with a common practice gave his name in a Cockney accent as Daniel O'Connell; but that insult to the liberator's name did not hoodwink the recorder, however handy it may be hereafter in aiding some future Froude to blacken the Irish character. The swell will get for the next six months free board, safe lodging, and the privilege of exercising his muscles.

In Dublin recently, at a special meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, the Cunningham medal was presented to Sir William Wilde, in recognition of the eminent services which he has rendered to science, and to the Academy in an especial manner, by his labors in connection with the compilation of a descriptive and scientific catalogue of the collection of Irish antiquities in the Museum of the Academy. Several years have passed since the honor was conferred on any one. Sir. Wm. Hamilton and Dr. Petrie received such a distinction, and Sir Wm. Wilde may well be proud of it.

At the Wexford Assizes, on the 15th ult., Mr. Sweetman, a magistrate, who was charged with having fired at Captain Quin in the hunting field, in November last, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £10, and to give security in £1,000, and two securities in £500 each, to keep the peace for five years. If Mr. Sweetman carries his sweet pistol practice into court, it is probably a bitter trial to go before him.

Judge Keogh pretends to consider it unaccountable that he cannot get into a railway carriage without the common people "booing" him. The troops and royal Irish environing him have not yet received orders to shoot down such people, but he hopes the time for that is coming. So do we, with this difference: that we hope the people will be in a position to return the shooting with interest.

On the 13th ult., in the Crown Court at the Armagh Assizes, before Judge Lawson, while the prisoners were being tried for the riot at Kead, Mr. John Rea, who was concerned in the case, was ordered by the Judge to sit down, and was eventually carried out by the police and laid down in front of the courthouse. He subsequently delivered one of his customary addresses to a large and noisy assemblage.

On the 13th ult., James Eagan, of 21 Sherard street, Dublin, reported to the police the curious disappearance of a man who was generally known as Payne, but whose real name was always in doubt. The police proceeded to the residence of Payne, 18 George's Place, Dublin, and there discovered the deceased lying beside his bed quite dead. He was first seen on the previous day, when he entered the room and locked it from the inside. The officers, Acting-Inspector Reilly and Acting-Sergeant Hillis, of the C Davidson, searched the room and found about seven pounds in money, and receipts for about £1.200. Other documents which were also discovered would lead to the belief that the deceased was a reverend gentleman of the Protestant persuasion, and named Finney.

At a late session of the Queen's College Debating Society held in the rooms of the Cork Institute, Professor Armstroug presiding, Mr. Chestnut read an essay on Byron. He placed Byron as the greatest poet since Shakspeare. The lines

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

seemed to strike a popular chord. They were received with unusual applause.

The Government still finds great difficulty in filling up the very numerous vacancies which are occurring in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and in order to strengthen the force as much as possible, the sub-inspectors have been deprived of their orderlies.

A company is projected to conduct the navigation of the Suir between Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir.

Wm. N. Leader has had the cheek to appeal to the lovers of law and order in Ireland, through the columns of the Cork Examiner, for contributions in money to buy arms and amunition for the Carlists. Evidently, he does not like republicanism, for he winds up his letter by saying "God speed the cause of his majesty Charles (Carlos) the Seventh of Spain." We pray God speed it too—a hundred thousand leagues away from Madrid.

The much-lauded action of the Irish members, by means of which Gladstone suffered a temporary defeat, or any other action of Irishmen in the London Parliament, does not, and will not ever, amount to a "hill of beans." The *Irishman* says:—"The great victory of the Parliamentarians resolves itself into this,—The Catholic Bishops asked for unleavened bread; they are liberally presented with a brimming chalice of Upas juice."

Three candidates for Parliamentary honors, Macartney, Corry, and Sir John Stewart, all conservative, have addressed the electors of Tyrone. There is some talk of putting forward Home Ruler also.

The *Weekly News* represents Mr. Daniel O'Donoghue, at a meeting of Irish members, as singing to the air—"Driven from Home" a ditty of which this is the beginning:

O dark is my fate thus left out in the cold,
Sadly remembering the bright days of old,
Days when my words were a light to the land
And brave hearts would follow the wave of my hand.
Now what a change, there's a blot on my fame,
My countrymen shrink at the sound of my name,
County or town has no welcome for me,
I'm banned in Tipperary and chase from Tralee,
No one to pity me, no one to biers,
No one to heed my West-British address;
Known and distrusted from sea unto sea,
A traitor to Erin, I'm chased from Tralee!

And afterwards Bernal Osborne sang for Captain White to the air "Tipperary O" the following:

It needs no ghost or fairy, O,
No robin, tomtit, or canary, O,
To tell me that I
Will soon have to fly
From the place they call gallant Tipp'rary, O.
And it's oh! what a precious quandry, O.
To finish my hopeful vagary, O.
Alas and alack,
How I wish I had back
What it cost to win gallant Tipp'rary, O!

Loyal papers refer with pride to the fact that a hundred poor, ignorant, or devil-may-care fellows have enlisted within the last three months in the Clare militia. Before the appearance of that stirring song "The Saxon Shilling," as many might have been got in three days.

The question is as to whether Irish nationalists who, like John Martin and P. J. Smyth, have been elected Members of Parliament, should or should not attend in the House and vote, is warmly debated in the Dublin journals. Those who mean to bring England to practical terms, will stay away from the royal talking shop.

The population of Ireland is still decreasing, and from the partial failure which has followed the recent magnificent efforts of English legislation in the matter of Irish land, the course of emigration is not likely to be interrupted. We understand that the ports of departure still continue to exhibit those cheering evidences of anxiety for foreign travel on the part of the Irish people, which at one time threw the offices of London newspapers and the souls of beef-loving ministers into such a state of pleasant excitement, and drew from some of them such fervent cries of exultation and thankfulness. It is especially matter for congratulation that the persons who are thus recklessly throwing themselves upon the world are by no means the feeblest or least industrious of the population, but, for the greater part, are composed of the youngest, the strongest, and most capable part of the people. This, if not satisfactory to us, must be to the Government, which appears to think it necessary that there should be soldiers and policemen in the country in exact proportion to the strength and capacity of those who inhabit it.

A conference of delegates from the Farming Clubs met in Maryborough, and passed a resolution affirming truly, "That the Land Act of 1870 affords no real protection to the oppressed tenantry of Ireland."

Honest Peter Gill is to receive a valuable testimonial from his Tipperary admirers.

Strange Coincidence—In the townland of Fedoe, Parish of Tyholland, County Monaghan, a man named Peter Hughes and a woman named Sarah Hughes, near relatives, were born in the year 1789, upon the same night, and about the same hour; strange to say, the death of both occurred on last Wednesday, about the same hour, and they were interred at the same time.

On last Tuesday, in County Tyrone, Head Constable Morgan, Sub-Constable Glendinning and Sub-Constable Riley, of the Cookstown Constabulary, went on a "still-hunting" excursion; and, when about seven miles from their station in the townland of Slaughtfreedhin, they came upon a still in full working order. It was situated in a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a clear, gentle burn ran; and, hear it, you advocates of women's rights, the "distillery" was owned, and, in fact, managed by a woman popularly known by the *sobriquet* of "Betty the Stiller." The whole apparatus was seized, and, alas for the vanished gallantry of the once chivalrous Royal Irish, they made, in their Sovereign's name, a prisoner of poor Betty, and, on the following day, brought her before Messrs. Gunning and Raphael, Justices of the Peace, who, in default of payment of £6 of a fine, committed her to Omagh Jail for three months.

The *Freeman* states that a gentleman who is the owner of some property near Thurles, has served ejectments on nearly all his tenants for arrears which have remained due since the famine year. The tenants were under the impression that he would never claim these old debts, but it appears that he always intended to do so, for he never gave them a clear receipt, and the consequence is that he has now served them with ejectments for non-payment of rent, thereby avoiding any claims to which the Land Act might have made him liable.

England.

A man was recently tried in Liverpool for marrying, his first wife being still alive. One of the witnesses stated that he had made inquiries in reference to the prisoner, and had every reason to believe that he had been married to nine women, and that he had never done a day's work in his life, but lived on these unfortunate dupes. The Duputy Recorder said the prisoner was not a proper person to live in the country at all. He ought to reside in Turkey or Utah. The prisoner was then sentenced to ten years, penal servitude.

Three English clerks were recently firing blank cartridges at a mark; when one of them passed his rifle to another asking him to aim at his breast and fire. He complied with his friends request, and the man fell dead, having unperceived by his fellows put a ball in the gun. In the dead man's hand was found the following letter: "March 4, 1873.—I am very glad you have saved me the trouble of shooting myself. I remain, yours respectfully, Alfred Roberts.—Mr. Tom Walter."

The revenue which England derived in 1862 from tocacco was £5,714,444; and though the duties have since been considerably reduced, the revenue in 1872 amounted to £7,013,736, thus showing that smokers and snuff takers pay nearly one tenth of the government expenses. During the last two years the imports of the weed into England were over 60,000 tons.

Sergeant Buck, Chairman at a recent Volunteer dinner at Hull, refused, on account of his republican principles, to toast the Queen, and for that heinous office he has been dismissed by his Colonel from the Corpse of which he is the crack shot.

In the pleasant city of Nottingham for many years there has existed an organization known as the "Nottingham Lambs." The duties which devolved upon a Nottingham Lamb were sundry. For the most part they consisted in getting thoroughly and unmistakably drunk, and in breaking honest people's heads. The "Lambs" were of special service at elections, and did good service to the cause. Drink of an intoxicating kind flowed like water. The honorable candidates had each their dishonorable supporters. Voters are paid for openly. Rotten eggs and dead cats and turnips whistled round the heads of the exalted few upon the hustings, like cannon balls at a siege. Down below. "Nottingham Lambs" engaged themselves, during the speaking of the candidates, in half murdering any luckless voter who dared to gainsay anything advanced by the candidate on whose behalf the services of the "Lambs" were enlisted. It is with peculiar regret we note the fact that this delicious relic of "good, old-fashioned" English times is at last consigned to limbo. At the head of the "Nottingham Lambs" was a gentleman whose name was Bill Bendigo. Bill Bendigo was a prize-fighter, and had half killed his man time and again. The rottenness of the times, or rather, as Artemus Ward would have said, the "cussedness of things in general," have brought about Bendigo's conversion—to the great joy, no doubt, is he worthy Nottingham magistrates, but to the amazement of the Nottingham Lambs. He was "called," and he has forsaken his Lambs, and gone down into filthy Whitechapel to preach, or, to use his own words, "to fight for the Gospel."!!!

The Leeds *Mercury* of April 1st, attending to the manner in which Ireland is governed says: "The Peace Preservation Act arms the Lord Lieutenant with powers which might be envied by a continental despot, which no French Perfect would dream of demanding, which M. Thiers has never ask from the National Assembly, and which General L'Admirault would find more than sufficient to keep down the turbulent democracy of Paris."

A large number of emigrants has left Aylesbury for Queensland.

The South Wales strike was closed on April 1st. The question was decided by a ballot, nearly three-fourths of the men voting for going to work. All the ironworks are now getting into full activity, and the movement among the house coal colliers does not affect this district.

What English workingmen may expect from the British aristocracy may be conjectured pretty accurately from the statement made by the Earl of Shaftesbury at a meeting in Lambeth. The noble Earl "made an inquiry as to what had been the result of that enormous increase of wages which had taken place in nearly every class of working men. Sir. Archibald Alison had laid it down as a truth that high wages were the curse of the working men. He (Lord Shaftesbury) could not help thinking the statement a correct one. The sudden increase of wages was productive of the greatest possible mischief." We trust that this mischief of high wages for working men will not only continue, but increase.

Only the other day, says the London *Depatch*, certain officers made a *raid* upon the leading "respectable" grocers in the somewhat sanctimonious town of Dundee. Extraordinary discoveries fell out. Tea, coffee, butter, bread, were each and all adulterated. A like case has also occurred in London, or rather many like cases. We, the credulous public, poor "innocents abroad," are forced to receive into our stomachs such delicacies as vermillion, ironfilings, alum, vitrol, lead, and kindred abominations. With drink it is even worse; in fact, a publican once honestly declared that it was necessary to adulterate drink. Last year, moreover, certain gentlemen on the staff of the *Practitioner* sent out to various chemists in and around London with a view to analysation of their drugs. Horrible to tell, a large proportion of the samples were adulterated, and thus the very medicine for the sick may prove inefficient, injurious, or perhaps fatal.

Wm. Onion, a sweet-smelling rounder, who has been repeatedly before the London magistrates for violent conduct, was brought up charged with a brutal assault on Elizabeth Cummings and Thomas Condon, a police constable. He had been in a public house whence he was ejected for his ill-behavior. Bound to have satisfaction on somebody, he happened to see the complainant passing by, and without the slightest provocation struck her violently in the face, knocked her down, and in true British style kicked her several times with his hob-nailed boots. The constable who came to her assistance was assaulted also. The cowardly ruffian was very properly sent to prison for twelve months.

Pacific Coast.

Martin Maginnis, the new Delegate from Montana Territory, is said to be the youngest man in Congress. He has just entered his thirty-second year—was a brave soldier, was engaged in all the battles but one in which the army of the Potomac took part, and is withal an affable gentleman.

The Mew Mexico *Borderer* urges the settlement at an early day of the land grant question in the Territory. It says the unsettled condition of titles in Southern New Mexico, especially in Mesilla Valley, is working much harm and retarding the progress and development of its vast and varied resources. The establishment of a United States land office in that section is needed, without delay.

The tendency to hyperbole, with which Americans are afflicted, crops out in the Oregon *Herald* in the heading given by it to an article on the Modoc tragedy. "Hung be the Heavens in Black." We wonder what it might say if, instead of three victiem, there had been three hundred.

Senator Mitchell's biography illustrates the versality of the American character. He was born in 1835 in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and got a common school education. He studied law, and in 1857 was admitted to the bar of Pennsylvania. In 1860 he went to Portland, Oregon, and the year following was elected city attorney. In 1865 he was commissioned by the Governor of Oregon Lieutenant Colonel of militia. For the past five years he has acted as attorney for the Oregon and California Railroad Company. In the State Senate he served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and two more as President of the Senate. From 1867 to 1871 he served as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Willamette University, and is now in Washington as one of the two United States Senators from Oregon.

The maple forests of Sierra county have been experimented upon by Mr. York, of Slug Canyon, with most satisfactory results. The sugar which the sap yields is of superior quality.

Mr. Dillon Egan lectured in the Skating Rink, Salinas City, last Sunday evening, to a large audience. The proceeds were in aid of the Rev. H. Curran's new church. That progressive burg, Salinas City, is going to run up a new hotel, a new bank, and a new planing mill. At the Deep Well Station Mr. Douglass has a four-legged duck.

Myron Lisk, in trying to draw a foul rammer from one of the barrels of his fowling-piece, received in his chest twelve shot from the loaded barrel, the rest of the charge tearing through his hand. Amputation of three fingers was found necessary. Dr. Archer, of New Republic, who ably performed the operation, reports his patient to be doing well.

The epizootiy has got hold of the horses of the Overland and Monterey Stage Lines.

Davy Jacks has located a town on the Southern Railroad, twelve miles beyond Salinas City, and is offering lots in the same for sale. Before it is a village he has named it Chular City.

By a species of logic peculiarly its own, the *Chronicle* proves that in its political economy California has imbibed the contents of its ale cask, and has now nothing left but an odd sixpence and the empty vessel.

A San Francisco party is up at Seattle with the view of purchaseing the Lake Washington coal mines.

The Olympia *Standard* says: Doubtless the thief who stole Wells, Fargo & Co's treasure box, at Kalama, last Monday, was exceedingly surprised, upon opening it, to find that its contents were in the main *hand cuffs*, and if that experience is not considered an omen which will lead him from his iniquities it will very materially weaken the confidence usually reposed in free moral agency to bring people to repentence. It appears that Marshal Kearney, having several prisoners to convey across the country, sent to a well-known firm in Portland for the hand cuffs, which were sent by express, and gave both the weight and "chink" to the box that would betray a "professional" on scent for plunder.

The Oregon *Plaindealer* says, that the Postmaster at Rosebury has at last become too worthless for any practical use, and adds that a man who could destribute the mail in half a day would be a novelty which the people could appreciate.

Last Saturday's Lake County *Bee* gives this among other inducements to settlers. "Game is abundant. Grizzles are scarce, but other varieties of the bear species are yet numerous." The readers are, we presume, left to imagine that Lake County which is really a fine section would be perfect it grizzlies were only plentiful.

The Calistoga *Tribune* says the mining fever is raging there, and has not yet reached its crisis. Within a week, twenty-three locations, of fifteen hundred feet each have been made on the southern and eastern slopes of St. Helena mountain. Two massive ledges of quartz have been struck, running across the east side near the summit, which show great richness so far as prospected.

Nevada has located the site of its State University at Elko. The necessary buildings are to be soon erected.

The opening of a Chinese restaurant in the early part of the week, was announced to the denizens of Sacramento by a big explosion of fire-crackers and bombs.

The *Echo* says: Itanybody doubts the amount of "business" done in Olympia and vicinity, let him stand on the wharf some day and see the amount of concentrated murder—gin, whisky brandy, and the like—that arrives every week.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

Prospectus

—OF—

THE NATIONALIST,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street,

San Francisco,

—BY THE—

Nationalist Printing and Publishing

Company.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this Coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, has led to the joint-stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, with the title given above. This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

ITS MAIN OBJECT SHALL BE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the futility of expecting Irish liberty from other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discountenanced, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor Movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

No effort shall be spared to make the NATIONALIST a first-class weekly. Able correspondents from Dublin, New York, St. Louis, Sydney and other important points, have promised their best assistance. The latest Irish and other European intelligence shall be given, interesting news from all lands shall find a place, Californian and local matters shall receive due attention, the business, farming and manufacturing interests of the coast shall not be lost sight of; original Essays and reviews of current literature shall be made a speciality, and the whole will, it is expected, prove our paper mindful of the past, alive to the present, and watchful for the future. The main object of this undertaking being the Union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish Independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary, or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than on our present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial co-operation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

Russia and England.

The English mind is disturbed about the probability or even possibility of any slap from the paw of the Russian bear. The militia is a large army on paper. So are the volunteers. But, the volunteers do not command much confidence, and therefore something must be done, or English greatness may go to the dogs. It is easy enough to speak of opposing Russia with the native troops of Hindostan, but in a general melée those troops might not find it their interest to fight for England. Cavalrymen and artillery men are not easily or soon made efficient, and as the prize at stake is a rich one, the British military authorities think it needful to be up and doing. They find that the artillery and engineer department wants looking after. Where they are to get the fighting men is a problem not yet solved, but meanwhile they wish to inspirit the volunteers, and persuade the people that England can by taking proper precautions look with confidence to the final result, and believe (in spite of evidence to the contrary,) that British supremacy sh ll be perpetual. Believing it well to know something of the opinions held by our enemy, we condense as follows the substance of a lecture delivered four weeks ago in Liverpool, England, by Colonel H. Peel Yates, C. B., Royal Artillery, on "The probable requirements of England relative to men and artillery in case of a war with Russia, and the necessity of teaching the auxiliary artillery the best lines of fortification." There was a large attendance of artillery volunteers in uniform.

After some preliminary remarks, the lecturer said that a war with Russia would be widespread in its baneful influence. America would probably seize upon that moment to accomplish her long-cherished onslaught on Canada. Russia would to a certainty renew her Turkish quarrel; Austria would cast wistful eyes on the mouths of the Danube; Prussia would become jealous of the Russians in case they should be successful; a France-German war might again break out, and the war might so augment and extend as to embroil the continents of Asia, Europe, and America. The idea that a great battle would have to be fought in Central Asia or Turkey, or simultaneously in both places, this brought about the inquiry—How was England to meet the coming storm? Suppose that war had actually been declared, and that Russia had a force of 500,000 men, with 1,000 guns, marching to the Turkish frontier, and had collected another force of 150,000 to 200,000 men, with 300 guns, on that of Affghanistan, what had Great Britain got to meet that? A standing army of 120,000 men, with 300 guns; an auxiliary force of about 160,000 to 170,000 militia, and about an equal number of volunteers; or, upon the most favorable calculation, there was a total of 450,000 men with 300 guns available for all purposes. To these might be added the native Indian forces, numbering about 300 men. In the absence of any other European allies, he calculated that, after making provision for the protection of the country, Britain would be obliged to send at least 200,000 men and 600 guns to Turkey, to assist that country.

[This is very loud talk of the Colonel's. England could only send 54,000 in two years to the Crimea, though she was then at the top of the wheel, and it needed her French allies to save them from utter destruction. Where she could find four times that number for Turkey after providing for India and Ireland, to say nothing of her own shores, is another of the problems unsolved.]

Speaking of the question as to how these *corps d'armee* were to be raised, the lecturer said, in reference to the volunteers, that unless some better system of enforced enrolment and attendance at drill were adopted the force would be prevented from attaining that high standard of efficiency which it was so vainly endeavoring to reach. He offered some valuable suggestions and good advice as to the formation of artillery companies. After minutely describing and explaining the different systems of fortification, he said that in the event of war we should undoubtedly be obliged to augment our standing army most materially; that the great difficulty would then be to obtain efficient officers and non-commissioned officers, especially cavalry and artillery, which branches of the service required long and constant training, and could not, therefore, be materially increased in haste; that the defence of these islands would in such a contingency fall upon the auxiliary forces.

[When the defence of the British Islands shall be entrusted to the aforesaid auxiliaries, let the pious British people say their prayers.]

Resuming, he said that means should therefore be resorted to for placing these forces on a more satisfactory and reliable footing; that the artillery branch required a more advanced instruction in drills, especially in that of heavy rifled ordnance and their horses; that they should be conversant with the various mountings and shifts of heavy ordnance; and that such further instruction should be given them in the outlines of fortifications as to enable them to understand the general principles and designs of modern works.

[If he can get the volunteers to do half that in half a century, he will be able to bombard the moon. One thing is to them quite as feasible as the other.]

In conclusion, he asserted that the country was to be congratulated that the prospects of war had, by the conciliatory conduct of the Emperor of Russia and the still unprepared state of that Empire for war, been postponed. (postponed not dispelled). The difficulties which the Russians would have to encounter before they could conquer India were without doubt very great, yet as she was supposed to have organized an immense army, some said 3,000,000 men, she would, therefore, perhaps not at once advance on the only practicable point of invasion, viz., the northwestern frontier, but would delay such a march until she could cut off land communication by the previous conquest of Turkey and obtaining possession of the Isthmus of Suez. Such an event was possible. India was a prize worth fighting for to the utmost, and England, which had increased so greatly in wealth, if she would only take advantage of the present breathing time, could place her forces in such a state as to be able to defend her own coast and her great Empire of India, and look calmly though determinedly to the coming struggle.

The applause which greeted this high-flying conclusion may be solacing to Liverpool, but will carry little terror to St. Petersburg.

Civilized War—Killing Women and Scalping Men.

The Modocs are evidently determined to maintain the conflict to the bitter end, and they keep the troops very busy. The most notable event of the third day's battle appears to have been the killing of a wounded Indian and a squaw, and the scalping of the former. It appears, therefore, that the Government of the United States is engaged in a war against women. Probably this line of action is justified, so far as the troops are concerned, by General Sherman's orders. The acting head of the American army, in that document, used, if we remember rightly, the word "extermination." That means the annihilation of the tribe—men, women and children. It is true that the Modocs, savages as they are, have refrained from killing women and children. They spared the wives and families of the settlers whom they killed, and they declared that they did not intend to war upon women. But then they are not Christians, nor civilized. They do not clamor to have God put in their Constitution. They do not put on their coins the words, "In God we trust;" and therefore they cannot rise to the refinement of the superior race, which manifests itself in slaughtering defenceless women and scalping men who have been killed while disabled by wounds. We are not, or rather we have not thus far, been at all disposed to sympathize with the Modocs. After their base act of treachery in murdering the Peace Commissioners we desired that if possible every warrior in arms should be dispatched. But our indignation never went the length of including the women with the men, and the deliberate slaughter of squaws appears to us so brutal, so dastardly, so revolting, that we are disposed to think it makes very little difference to the cause of civilization and humanity which of the contestants extirpates the other. There is no justification, there is no palliation possible, for such deeds, consistent with any theory of race superiority. If we are more enlightened, more civilized, more humane, than the Modocs, how do we show it? By butchering their women and scalping their dead! Out upon the infamy! It is a disgrace, not only to the army, but to the nation. It is a disgrace to anything in the shape of a man, or anything that ever had a mother, a wife, or a sister, to raise the red hand of murder against a woman, no matter what her color or her race.—*Sacramento Record*.

Wit and Humor.

An Idaho judge referred some cases to his son to take testimony and reduce the same to writing. Since then the lawyers who are compelled to read the testimony through ask the judge to commute their penalty to imprisonment for life.

Another Solomon on the Bench.—A short time since a worthy magistrate of this city had rather a difficult question to decide, in the solution of which he struck out a path hitherto unknown in jurisprudence. It seems that twelve negroes appeared before him, each one of whom swore positively that himself and the other eleven had done a certain amount of work on a steamboat, and was entitled therefore to wages. It was a steady streak, each one out of the dozen swearing precisely the same. On the other side appeared the mate of the boat and eleven deck hands, who all twelve swore directly and point blank to an opposite state of facts to those testified to by the twelve plaintiffs. Here the evidence closed, leaving the judge to make up his mind. His Honor scratched his head, looked wise, pondered a few moments, and then said: "The law makes it the duty of the court, when in doubt, to weigh the evidence. I shall proceed to do so in this case. You, "turning to one of the suing darkeys," take your crowd over to Mr. —— (a grocery store in the vicinity) and have them weighed, and bring me a certificate of their weight from the clerk. And you" turning to the mate, "do the same with yourself and witnesses. This court must make up a judgement somehow." The mandate of the court was obeyed; the contestants appeared with their respective certificates, the mate's party outweighing the other by nine pounds, which was sufficient to turn the scales of justice, for judgment was given for the boat—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An advertisement in a Western paper says: "Look out for Mrs. Snyder, of Cleveland, who has killed two husbands and is roaming around the country for a third."

A scientific friend, who has been reading with great patience an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says that he now knows how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

MRS. O'BRIEN BORU.

A correspondent who is a little of an historian and a good deal of the Woman's-Rights man seems to have worked himself into a tragic passion by over-meditation on the neglect with which the memory of the royal spouse of Brian Boru is treated in these degenerate days The hero of Clontarf, he says, is lauded to the heavens by Moore and everybody else, but no one thinks of Mrs. O'Brien. Now it is not yesterday, or the day before, he began to ventilate this grievance: for when he lived at Killaloe nearly thirty years ago, didn't he write to the best paper in Bublin, and sound her praises? As we print elsewhere the Lament of MacLiag for the Dalcassian heroes, we have thought it but just to reproduce what our friend had to say about his heroine. Thus sang he:

Far in Kincora's halls of splendor,
The wonderful palace of King Boru,
Mrs. O'Brien sits by the fender,
Sulkily beating the devil's tattoo.

And one of the Bards, a delicate youth,
Is shuffling the cards, with a pipe in his mouth,
A ticklish game, that youth had to play,
For he sees by the dame, there's the devil to pay,
And tho' to her lot fell all the best trumps,
It soothed her not a whit from the dumps;
At last, with a frown like an ogre's in fable,
Mrs. O'Brien came down with a trump on the table,
Says she—"How the plague, can Forty-Five charm me?
Flan, Donald, and Tiegue are off with the army,
And while I'm here cryin' alone by the hob,
Maybe Mr. O'Brien gets "one for his nob;"
It's a very fine thing, so it is, to be married
To an athletic king, with his wife if he tarried:
But Brien, alack! for ever has brass,
Or steel on his back, like a tinkerer's ass,
O'er the plain see him move like personified thunder,
His banner above, and his enemies under!
It's fine fun for *him* but *I* daily grow thinner,
My eyeballs wax dim and can't eat my dinner.
He wins often, but yet some day in the tug
Of war, he will get his "tea in a mug,"
For where'er there's a fray thro' all Innisfail,
He's up and away with a bee in his tail;
Whatever's the matter, that horrid old man
Is out on the "batter," whenever he can;
Ere I came to the bed of his quarrelsome Gael,
I wish I were dead as a tenpenny nail,"
Here she called for a cup of the best usquebaugh,
And taking it up, she tossed it off raw;
Then dusted the bards to show her authority,
And of wardens and guards she snubbed the majority;
Her tongue worked away as sharp as a hatchet,
And her maids all that day—oh, didn't they catch it?

Thus in Kincora's halls of splendor,
The wonderful palace of King Boru,
Mrs. O'Brien sat by the fender,
Sullenly beating the devil's tattoo.

LAW DIRECTORY.

NOAH F. FLOOD, LAW OFFICE.—Room No 2, (Court Block) 636 Clay Street, between Kearny and Montgomery. SAN FRANCISCO. ap12-tf

P. CUMMINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—Rooms 14 and 15 COURT BLOCK, No. 646 Clay Street, and No. 635 Merchant street, San Francisco. ap5-tf

W. E. DARBY—ATTORNEY-AT-LAW—OFFICE—No. 317 California street, room No. 2, San Francisco. jy12-tf

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TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.
San Francisco June 15th, 1864.
subscribed and sworn-to before me this 21st day June, A. D,. 1864.
(L. S.) A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHŒA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day January, A. D., 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDNTS.

Patients male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

IRISH DIRECTORY.

Third (Irish) Regiment, N. G. C. Field and Staff Officers:—A. Wason, Colonel; M. C. Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel: J. J. Conlin, Major; P. J. Tannian, Adjutant; Frank Mahon, Quartermaster; J. D. Cusheon, Paymaster; James Barrett, Commissary; Dr. Green, Surgeon; Rev. Father Largan, Chaplain; Color-Bearer, John Gleason.

Co. A, Montgomery Guards; Captain, C. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. Lee; Second Lieutenant, T. Butler; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. B, Emmet Life Guards; Captain, R. Clery; I. G. Hayden, First Lieutenant; H. Fowkes, Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday

Co. C, Meagher Guards; Captain, J. Eagan; D. T. Sullivan, First Lieutenant; T. Sullivan, Second Lieutenant; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. D, Wolfe Tone Guards; Captain, J. Leddy; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Armory Hall every Thursday.

Co. E, MacMahon Guards; Captain, J. H. McMenomy; First Lieutenant, H. Casey; Second Lieutenant, E. F. Gleason; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Co. F, Shields Guards; Captain, M. Flanagan; J. Hand, First Lieutenant; P. McEleer, Second Lieutenant; drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Sarsfield Guards, (Independe t); Captain, H. C. Bateman; First Lieutenant, S. C. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall. on Tuesdays.

Co, A. Legion of St Patrick; Captain, M. B. Hughes; First Lieutenant, J. Dooley; Second Lieutenant, D. Magner; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Hibernia Rifles; First Lieutenant, P. A. McDonald; Second Lieutenant, M. F. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall every Wednesday.

Jackson Dragoons; Captain, M. Greany; E. M. Phillips, First Lieutenant, T. W. Collins, Second Lieutenant; drill in La Grande Armory every Friday.

Sons of the Emerald Isle—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Irish-American Hall. John Kenny, President; J. Kelly, V. P.; J. O'Brien, R. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; T. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Donnell, T.; Dr. Newell, corner Mission and New Montgomery, Physician.

Irish-Americans—Meet in Irish-American Hall. John Collins, President; T. McInerney, V. P.; J. O'Donnell, R. S.; M. J. McInerney, F. S.; J. Heany, C. S.; J. Grant, T.; Dr. Hutchings, 222 Post street, Physician.

Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Meet first Friday of each month at Irish-American Hall. M. Sullivan, President; M. Callahan, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Temperance, L. and B. Association—Meet every Sunday at two o'clock P. M. Daniel MacSweeney, President; M. O'Brien Secretary.

St. Mary's Temperance and Literary Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. J. Anderson, President.

Father Matthew Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday evening in Irish-American Hall. J. Rafferty, President.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St Mary's Cathedral. J. R. Kelly, President; N. Winne, Secretary.

Irish Volunteers—Captain, T. Lynch; drill on Mondays.

Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B—Centre, P. H. Lydon; Secretary, Thomas Kehoe.

A. O. H.—State Officers: M. Warde, S. D.; J. J. Donovan, S. S.

County Officers: M. J. Wrin, C. D.; J. F. Meagher, G. P.; J. C. Brady, G. V. P.; T. Drady, G. S.; P. Carr, G. A. S.; John Cooney, G. T.

Division No. 1.—Meet first Friday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Barrett, President; J. Ginty, V. P.; J. M. Dwyer, R. S.; M. Kelly, F. S.; C. Dillon, T.

Division No. 2.—Meet first Thursday of the month at Hibernia Hall. James Cahill, President; W. Gillern V. P., B. McDermott, R. S.; J. Reed, F. S.; M. McManomy, T.

Division No. 3.—Meet third Tuesday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. T. M. Conolly, President; P. Kennedy, V. P.; D. Ryan, F. S.; P. McQuaide, R. S.; C. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4.—Meet first and third Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. J. Butler, President; J. H. Gilmore, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; T. Flanagan, F. S.; P. Kendrick, T.

Division 5.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at their Hall Dolores Street. P. R. Hanna, President; J. Broderick, V. P.; J. McGrath, R S.; P. Harrington, F. S.; John Kenny, T.

Division 6.—Meet second and fourth Friday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. M. C. Hassett, President; J. A. Lennon, V. P.; James P. Meagher, R. S.; E. B. Birmingham, F. S.; Thos. Donnelly, T.

Division 7.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Riggers' and Stevedores' Hall, Pacific street. J. O'Dowd, President; M. Wherity, V. P.; J. W. Murphy, R S.; W. Higgins, F. S.; J. O'Callaghan, T.

Division No. 8.—Meet at Tammany Hall. W. Gilleran, President; T. Flynn, V. P.; H. McClosky, F. S.; W. V. Gaffey, R. S; T. Laughlin, T.

Thos. F. Burke Circle F. B.—Meet every Tuesday in Hibernia Hall.

K. R. B. No. 1.—Meet every Thursday at I. C. Hall, 715 Market street.

K. R. B. No. 2.—Meet every Tuesday at I. C. Hall.

Emmet and Luby Club, I. C.—Meet every Monday at I. C. Hall. Frank Mahon, President; P. J. Casey, Secretary.

Thomas Davis Club, I. C.—Meet every Wednesday at I. C. Hall. T. C. Maher, President; W. Cotter, Secretary.

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We have started with the above as a beginning for what we intend to make a standing Directory for all the Irish Organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions, and to make the Directory full and satisfactory, we respectfully call on the Secretaries of the different Irish societies of the city and the State to forward us at once the names of their officers, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all matters of importance without charge.

What's in a Name?

The oration of Mr. Timothy Virgilius O'Doherty, published last week, and perhaps also the essay on Irish names by D. U. L., seem to have galvanized our "Lazy Contributor" into unwonted activity. He has been promising copy since the Nationalist started, but until now has always put us off with ingenious excuses for failing to supply any. It is the first time we have known him to start with words so big, but we overlook that inasmuch as he stole them. He deserves encouragement, too, for his praiseworthy effort to make himself acquainted with a few of the mysteries embalmed in the San Francisco Directory. He says:—

Friend Editor:—"Having dormitated in lethargic somniferosity, almost under the umbrageous canopy of oblivion," it behoves me to enter once more the state of perfect development, and—regardless of Darwin's bridge—assume the God-like attitude of man. As an indication of my earnestness in the cause of labor, I have begun to compare sensations, and note perceptions. I have also been cogitating on that trite vulgarism.—"It takes all kinds of people to make a town," Looking around San Francisco, I concluded furthermore that among these sorts might be some persons worthy of attention. By an hour's reference to what others call the City Directory, but what I call the *multum in parvo* biography of San Francisco, I have discovered some astonishing facts, some glaring inconsistencies, some peculiar information, and some knowledge of the fact that I could utilize it without excessive labor so as not to be deprived of the handsome stipend I expect to receive for my learned contributions from the financial managers of your worthy paper. Without killing myself with excessive study of the aforesaid biography, I found that colors so predominate in the recorded names of this community, that we may advance a claim to be called colored folks. On the roll which sets forth the city's greatness, there are 2 Blues, 34 Blacks, 117 Greens, 167 Whites, and 326 Browns. There are 27 Days, yet strange to say there is no time nor any year; but that is compensated by for many Delays.

There is one House without a room or a Foundation, and on that account we would not like that house to be ours in earthquake time. Morally considered, our condition seems deplorable. We have no Saints, and only four Angels. This is not to be regarded as a denial that there are many angelic creatures in the city. Some assert that there are fallen angels to be found also, though the biography ignores their existence. It is something of a contradition that we have 3 Judges but no Lawyers; and 6 Juries but no Verdict. We are, however, blest with 1 Minister, 1 Priest, 1 Divine, 27 Bishops, and 16 Popes; but have no Deacons, Abbots, Cardinals, or Patriarchs. It must be consoling that we have but 1 Poorman, and that we are too democratic to have any Richfellew. As a zoological curiosity, we can outdo Barnum by exhibiting 1 Peacock with 3 Heads and 8 Wings. We have 1 Book, no Author; 4 Ways, no Guides; 36 Pages, not a Blot; 1 Upp and many Downs; 126 Burns, no Scars or Scalds; 19 Barbers, no Shavers; 1 Shoemaker without a Last, Shop or Office; 5 Kinds and no Variety; plenty of Gunns but no Powder; 2 Pounds but not an Ounce; and 24 Coffins but no Deaths. In the horticultural line, we make but a poor showing, there being on exhibition only 1 Plant, 3 Flowers, 1 Knot, and 8 Roots, with perhaps a variety of Beets. We are not as sharp as the men of the Nutmeg State, as we can only boast of one man who is Keen, and he may be an Irisman with his name transmogrified. We have three men Smart, several Bright, and none Dull, which is a comfort. We see 3 Blind, but no one Dark. We have no Courage, and yet no Coward. There are 3 Whiteheads, but no Blondes of any kind. Savages we can produce in numbers, but no Indians or Barbarians. Turning to the almanac, we find no Autumn, but make up for that by counting in the year 6 Springs, 5 Summers, and 27 Winters, which would seem to indicate that the North Pole is alarmingly near the Golden Gate.

Our constitution may speak of democratic republicanism, and the extipation of aristocratic distinctions; but notwithstanding that we make a more than regal parade of nobility. In this fair realm, there is no subject; but there are 8 Barons, 23 Lords, 5 Earls, 3 Dukes, 14 Princes, 1 Queen, and 94 Kings! No wonder the sentimental newspapers should say we are drifting into monarchy and despotism. I suppose it is because we are cosmopolitan that we are so heterogeneous, inconsistent, and contradictory. We have Shepherds, having a fine time of it, as there is not a solitary Flock; and as there is only 1 Broker having no Frand to trouble him, he must be making millions, and giving us a rare opportunity for safe investments. The city has only 1 Lock, but has many Keys, a very suspicious circumstance. In the farm line we can show some Lambs, but no Sheep; some Crows, but no Vultures. We have no Trees, but there are Wolfs and Bulls to be met as well as four Lions. This city can scarcely belong to the United States, as in it there is only one American. Foreigners predominate: there are 2 Irish, 2 Turks, 1 Dutch, several Hollands, 15 English, and 31 French. In this conglomeration, we have Rings in abundance, but there are no Circles except the small ones attached to the Fenian Brotherhood. We despise Distance, and ostracize the name from our vocabulary; but that does not prevent us from counting several Miles, and among them one who is working like a thousand beavers to build up the Nationalist Colony. It is probable that you may have many able correspondents, but certainly not one of the same variety as

The Lazy Contributor.

"The Martyr Nation."

Thomas Clarke Luby is not quite satisfied with the heavenly certificate Ireland got a few years ago. He thinks that it is not good for her to have any more martyrdom. He is sure that there will be millions of Irish people in bliss in the other world, but appears to doubt that there will be an Irish nation above or below. He concludes, therefore, that that nation should look after its happiness while on earth. After touching the subject lightly, he settles down to show that good divines may be bad politicians. In the *Irish Democrat* he writes thus: Irishmen would seem to think that it is not necessary for a people in order to avoid being damned in the next world, to lead a dog's life "all the time" in this. It is quite true, whether you apply the saying to nations or individuals, "that whom the Lord loveth He chastens." But, to be highly favored of heaven, it is not a *sine qua non* that a nation, after a chastening process of over seven hundred years, should begin to score down a fresh entry to its credit of seven hundred years more of national flagellation. Besides, the Lord also punishes those who offend Him and violate His laws. This, like the other saying, is not less true in the case of nations than in that of individuals. And hence it becomes somewhat difficult at times, in contemplating the sufferings of a nation, to distinguish, with anything approaching certainty, whether they be castigation or mere chastening discipline; in other words, whether the given nation be a more or less guilty nation or, on the contrary, a divinely-loved "martyr nation."

To give up jesting, and become profoundly grave and profoundly stupid as an undertaker's mute in the exercise of his highly respectable and agreeable calling,—admitting that "periods of adversity, are generally in the end beneficial to nations as well as to individuals"—that is, moderate periods—and that the martyrdom of individuals is sometimes (not in all cases, mind) salutary, both in religious and political struggles I make bold to insist and maintain that, on the other hand, anything that could, in any just sense of the expression, be styled the martyrdom of a nation is a "consummation" of national existence by no means "devoutly to be wished for," or at all in accordance with the scheme designed by beneficent and all-just Providence for the government of the universe, and visible in the whole course of the world's history.

As to individual human beings has been accorded the godlike guerdon of immortality, they sometimes fail to experience distributive justice in this life. Thus occasionally we see God in His inscrutable wisdom, suffer the virtuous or holy man to die in wretchedness, perhaps in the dungeon, in the torture-chamber, or on the scaffold. Or haply the smiling, prosperous, but "remorseless, lecherous, treacherous, kindless villain," may go to the grave smiling and prosperous, his callous heart unwrung by a single regretful memory of his unnumbered deeds of wrong, his seared conscience without the slightest twing or smart. But in the life to come, Eternal Justice asserts itself and makes all things square All tears are wiped away forever from the eyes of Virtue. The wounds of Holiness find balm. With Virtue and Holiness all is peace and joy forevermore. Meanwhile in Tartarean abysses of suffering and despair, the villain, who smiled and succeeded through his whole career of life-long wickedness, feels at last the agonies of unavailing remorse. There let him—

"Converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end."

On the other hand nations, having no immortality, find distributive justice *here* on earth in God's good time. True, the corrupt or tyrant nation may for a period bask in the glare of an illusory and unhealthy prosperity. The virtuous nation may suffer from oppression and adversity. But sooner or later the corrupt or tyrannic nation drunken with blood, enervated with her vices, baited by the dogs of hate and vengeance her cruelty has roused, reels, bleeds and goes down ignominously; while the virtuous and long suffering nation, disciplined and made strong by adversity, springs to her feet, snatches the tiara and the sword, strikes down her foes, and becomes free, prosperous, glorious and happy, sending the rich blessing down through her long prosterity. So much God's justice in the government of nations be vindicated here below.

The notion, then, of a "martyr-nation" seems opposed to all sound conceptions of Divine justice. Let Irishmen the world over scornfully repudiate this idle crochet of a servile intellect. Let them labor "by night and by day" to lift up Ireland from her prostrate state, and make her a nation independent, prosperous, great and renowned!

The Fenian Brotherhood.—In anticipation of the Boston Fenians coming on here, in August next, to attend the annual pic-nic of the Manhattan District, the Fenians of New York and vicinity are making every preparation to give them a "Cead Mille Failthe." Meetings are being held nightly. The various companies of the Legion of St. Patrick are drilled every Sunday by their respective captains. At a meeting of the Board of officers held last Thursday evening, among other business transacted a change of uniform was suggested, which in all probability will be acted upon, so as to enable the First Battalion to have new uniforms by the 15th of August next.—*Irish People.*

Hard money is so scarce in the East that the sight of a half dollar piece in Oswego, N. Y., set Tom Murphy, the railroad boss, betting a hundred greenbacks with Doolittle, the grain and lumber man, that Sergeant Bolger could put a hole through the half dollar at a hundred paces. The Sergeant marked off ninety-five paces from John Schofield's store; five paces more brought him to John's bar, and whiskey for four made a tolerable large hole in the half dollar. The question as to who won the bet is yet unsettled; but Bolger is satisfied he hit the mark.

The custom of throwing rice after a bride is oriental, the custom of throwing after her a slipper, a boot-jack, or a poker is occidental and Anglo-Saxon.

One of the finest specimens of a laconic speech is that of Roche Jacquelin: "If I advance follow me; if I fall avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

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THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"

JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1873.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted, Immediately,

The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of IRISH RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. O. H.:—The recent elections have made few changes in the officers of the Ancient Order in this city. J. T. Barry becomes G. V. P.; in Division No. 1, J. M. Dwyer is elected P. and J. B. Harrington R. S.; in No. 2, Wm. Simpson P. and J. B. Oliver V. P.; in No. 3, H. Gallagher P, D. Ryan V. P, J. Gallagher R. S, and E. Herrick, F. S.; in No. 4, J. Butler P, J. H. Gilmore V. P, and T. Flannagan F. S.; in No. 5, B. Riordan V. P; in No. 6, J. J. Desmond V. P.; in No. 7, W. Higgins P, J. W. Murphy V. P, B. C. Mooney R. S. and J. Kelly F. S.; in No. 8, D. Coyne V. P. and T. Flynn R. S. The offices not mentioned here are filled as during last year, the former occupants being re-elected. Further information from the officers of the different divisions in this city and State is desirable.

E. L.:—Before publishing our Irish Directory in its extended form, we must get fuller information from some of the Societies. Those who have not yet reported would oblige by so doing. In the Third Regiment, N. G. C., (Irish), E. W. Carey is Quartermaster; and the companies are: Mantgomerys A, Shields B, Wolfe Tones C, Meagher D, Emmets E, and MacMahons H. T. Bolster is Second-Lieutenant of the Montgomerys, and R. Cleary Captain of the Emmets. Except that D. J. Sullivan is printed D. T. Sullivan, the names of the Third are correctly published. The election held on the 16th inst., by the "Sons of the Emerald Isle" had the following result: N. Ennis, P.; P. A. Dacey, V. P.; J. G'Brien, R. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; J. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Connell, T.

WARD:—The original Gaelic form of the surname, "Ward" is *Mac an Bhaird*, which literally translated means "Son of the Bard" or "poet." The nearest approach that can be made in English letters to the phonetic pronunciation of *Mac an Bhaird* is "Mac-an-Ward" or "Mac-an-Vard," the combination of "bh" being sometimes pronounced "w" and sometimes "v" in the Gaelic language, The Mac-an-Wards were among the most distinguished of the bardic clans of ancient Ireland. Their chief seat was in Donegal or Tirconnel, and they were chief poets to the O'Donnels of that territory. They were probably of the Clanna Rory or Irian race, and their original territory lay in the present county of Down. Very many eminent persons of this old clan are mentioned in the ancient annals of Ireland.

HOWLAND'S FLAT, Sierra county:—From this place we have received per Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, $7 50, for the NATIONALIST. We would now be glad to learn which of our friends there sent it.

J. L. REIDY, Merced:—The $20 forwarded for your Club received. Thanks for the efforts made by yourself and friends to extend the circulation of the NATIONALIST.

Among other donations made this week to the NATIONALIST office is a map of Ireland from Thomas M. Conolly, and a portrait of Robert Emmet from W. V. Gaffey. This action of our friends is, of course, *worthy of imitation*.

WEST POINT AND WOOLWICH.

The good people of the United States are under the pleasing delusion that they can take care of themselves. They think they could live on and be independent, even if this country were girt by a wall of brass, or if in some volcanic outburst, Europe and Europeans were blotted out for ever from the earth's surface. They say they can put a thousand war ships on the wave, and a million soldiers in the field. They sometimes assert that they can whip all creation, though there may be a little national vanity in the assertion. They willingly tax themselves to support an army and a navy. Furthermore, they pay the expenses of the West Point Military Academy, expecting it to send forth for the different arms of the service officers who shall be ably trained, thoroughly efficient, and fully competent to do the country service at its need, and reflect honor upon it. And West Point has sent forth such officers,—officers who will not suffer by comparison with the ablest engineers and strategists of Europe. It is sending out such men still, and, on that account, no grumble is ever heard about what it costs. We knew that England had its artillery and engineering school also, with headquarters at Woolwich; but that never caused us any anxiety, as we laid the flattering unction to our souls that *our* military engineers were, at least, as good as any in Great Britain. We were not Russians or Turks, and hence had no need to invite foreigners to come and instruct us. Our soldiers were the cream of the human race, and the intelligence, training, ability and heroism of our officers were beyond all praise. Peter the Great and his successors might want the aid of English or French engineers to design and erect forts and batteries in Russian harbors; but, if in Boston, New York, Baltimore or Charleston, it were proposed to entrust to foreign engineers the construction of like defences for our Atlantic harbors, there would be raised such an outcry from the indignant people as would overwhelm with obloguy the instigator of a scheme so uncalled-for and so unpatriotic. We think too that such an outcry would be quite natural, when we consider that the number is considerable of Americans who are as well qualified for the position as any Johnny Bull alive. We need not say that the splendid military works which cover and defend our eastern cities have been planned and executed by West Point graduates, and by them alone. But it appears that what is eminently right and proper on the Atlantic is confoundedly wrong and improper on the Pacific. No English engineer, at least till he has declared his intention of becoming a United States citizen, has any chance of being employed to superintend any military works which the War Department may order for the Eastern States; but with us, three thousand miles away from headquarters, the thing is not only possible, but is a startling fact.

We have here among the sand-hills a city which is of some little value. We have also a Bay with numerous inlets of which we are silly enough to be a little proud. Some of us have property to protect, and enough of public spirit is left to make us wish we could give a hot reception to the ships which an enemy might send against us in some future war. It was therefore considered necessary, as well as patriotic, to vote large sums for the construction of works to defend the Golden Gate. An able officer, Colonel Stewart, of the United States Engineer Corps, has the general superintendence of the Harbor Defences of the port of San Francisco. Through some cause not well or clearly accounted for, the office of Acting Superintendent was given to one Mr. John Blackburn of Dover, England. It may be conceded that Mr. Blackburn is adequate to the position, inasmuch as Colonel Stewart thought fit to employ him; but we would call attention to the fact that, while there are many West Point officers unemployed who could superintend the works as ably as any man ever Woolwich sent out, the post is not only given to a foreigner, but to one who has such British pride about him that he refuses to descend to the level of the United States citizen. Wherever he is, and whatever may be his abilities, it is scarcely in keeping with the prestige of the Engineer Corps of the United States army to employ for the important position referred to, or indeed for any other position, an individual who has not yet been two years treading American soil, who owes allegiance to a foreign government, who proudly avows that allegiance, and who indignantly denies that he ever will become a naturalized citizen of this country. The power entrusted to him enables him to discharge from the works at Fort Point any workman who may venture to hint that it is strange the War Department should fall so low as to need aid from England, or from Australia, the region last honored by our foreign superintendent. The workman may be efficient and trustworthy; he may have served the United States long and faithfully; he may bear on his front the scars of battle; he may yet be robust and athletic; he may perform the labor assigned him in a manner satisfactory to the foreman who sees him day by day, and hour by hour; he may be a most respectable man, a worthy citizen, a soldier with an excellent character, and the record of forty battles on his honorable discharge; he may be all this and more; but if he ever breathes a syllable derogatory to the dignity of the British Crown and Empire, out in the cold is he flung without pity. Blackburn discharges such a man, and there is no redrese or explanation to follow. Now this is precisely the case of a veteran soldier Bernard McMurray who has served three terms of enlistment in the United States army, reaching from 1857 to 1870. Besides an honorable discharge with the battle record above mentioned, he holds the highest testimonials from the distinguished officers under whom he served, for his worth as a man, and his conduct as a soldier. He is at thirty-four years, just such a man as might be employed at any kind of harbor labor; and Colonel Stewart accordingly sent him to the works at Fort Point. Here he was some months employed; giving complete satisfaction to all, until—for some reason of his own—the Superintendent, Mr. Blackburn, thought the Irish-American veteran unentitled to further employment. He has now been some weeks idle, and has the saisfaction of knowing that, in his stead, and in the stead of other upholders of the nation's flag through the red flames of battle, persons are employed who—like Blackburn—are not, nor ever will be United States citizens. No wonder that our army service is growing unpopular, when deserving soldiers are thus neglected and outraged; no wonder that the world thinks republics ungrateful; no wonder that the *Evening Post*, in reference to this very question, should put the pertinent query: "Who Owns the Country?" We return to the subject, but will not close without asking, how long is this Blackburn to remain an insult to the intelligence of the officers of the United States army?

DECEASE.

We regret having to aunounce the decease of a good Irishman, Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, who departed this life at his late residence, Howard street, San Francisco. The funeral, which took place on Sunday last, was largely attended by his numerous friends. An interesting feature of the procession was the turn out, with sashes and badges, of one hundred and twenty of his fellow-members of the Father Matthew Society. The funeral was highly creditable to the Society, as well as a marked tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Sullivan.

THE STIGMATA.

We have been asked more than once during the past few days why we had not in our last number a single line referring to the extraordinary phenomenon of the agony endured by Miss Collins on Good Friday, and the appearance of wounds on her hands and feet similar to those inflicted on the sacred body of the Redeemer on the Cross at Calvary. Apart from the fact that our paper does not profess to deal with subjects where religious questions are directly or indirectly concerned, we have this answer to give, that we always make it a point to try and understand thoroughly what we are writing about. This is more than others have done, or they would not assert on one day what they see fit to contradict the next. This reckless mode of procedure is not ours, especially where matters of very grave moment are involved. From the respectability of Miss Collins and the numerous intelligent friends around her, from the tenor of her life, and from her long-continued habits of pity and prayer, interior recollection and meditation, charity and good works to the poor, it may be safely concluded that there is no deception intended, and that the Stigmata or peculiar wounds above mentioned have been visible and real. Almost all are agreed on that point; but as to the cause of those wounds, there is great diversity of opinion. That any attempt at a religious imposition lurks in the case, is not believed by any person who knows the parties concerned, whether Miss Collins or those who vouch for the truth of her statements

Some of the intelligent newsmongers who handled this question have summarily decided that a miracle has taken place, and others, equally wise, that the whole thing is a fraud The latter have apparently come to their conclusion on the grounds that the phenomenon is beyond their comprehension. Now, if everything is necessarily fraudulent which is beyond the scope of the little science man yet possesses, we must conclude that the whole world is a gigantic swindle, for decidedly it holds ten hundred thousand things we know little or nothing of. Even the growth of the smallest blade of grass can puzzle the greatest scientist the earth can boast of. We may chatter about natural forces, and think we understand them, while, in fact, the hard study of a long life will only more and more reveal the profundity of our ignorance, and the weakness of the pinions on which we pretend to soar to omniscience. Since the time of Bacon, some of the greatest minds among civilized nations have endeavored to explore the secret ways of nature; but, at a thousand points, they have been driven back defeated and confounded. What hidden powers of nature man may yet discover, and what may be their extent and mutual relations, is a thing which no scientist is hardy enoueh to even conjecture. And if mere brute matter can utterly confound the most gigantic human intellect, how is it with the world of spirit? Do we really know anything thoroughly about it? Can we estimate the effect which mind has on matter, or (without ascending higher) can we measure the extent and influence of the human soul?

If we have not light enough to understand ourselves and the things which surround us, have we light enough to comprehend the things which belong to the supernatural world? Putting these questions to one's self seriously, are we not driven to the conclusion that the world we live in is a world of mystery, that we daily walk in the midst of miracles of which we take no notice, that a mist which never clears is before our eyes from birth to death, and that when we look towards the heavens, "We see as through a glass, darkly?"

What may be the extreme power which unaided nature can exert is precisely what no man can, by human means, divine, and what may be the line of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural, is something which few, except the blindly ignorant, will attempt to trace. The appearance of the stigmata on the hands and feet of Miss Collins, and the issuing of blood from the wounds, may, for all we know to the contrary, be within the sphere of nature. Long-continued and absorbing meditation of the soul on such a tremendous and awful idea as the redemption of the human race, and the crucifixion of the Ruler of the Heavens, may have an effect on the body which appears miraculous without being miraculous in reality. It is a matter of common observation that the mind shines in the face. A life of innocence, purity, goodness and love will make its impress visible to every observer; and so will a life of a contrary description. The phenomenon referred to may, however, be beyond the power of nature to produce. It may be, and very many persons think it is, purely supernatural. The real truth is, the knowledge we possess, or are likely to possess, does not justify us in coming to any dogmatic conclusion. The "fools who rush in where angels fear to tread," may make very positive assertions on the subject, but their assertions have very little weight.

It is worthy of remark that the persons who have the best opportunities of arriving at the real facts of the case, and who have had an educational training of a kind peculiarly suited to deal with the questions which such a rare phenomenon suggests, have been the slowest to decide whether the cause is mind acting on an extremely sensitive organization, or a Divine favor accorded to signal virtue. Archbishop Alemany declines to give an opinion, while every ignoramus can decide the affair for you in a moment.

We have not the universal knowledge which others pretend to, and, therefore, offered no opinion on the subject, because we had none. We do not think it becoming in journalists to aim at things beyond their reach. We acknowledge our ignorance, and wait for the light of another world to dispel it.

Irish Confederation.

As we go to press, the news arrives that this organization, or at least its Directory and Headquarters, have caved in. In last Saturday's *Democrat*, we find Thomas C. Luby, one of its organizers, astounding people not well posted by writing thusly: "I intend to say something upon the total and signal collapse of that unfortunate political weakling, the "IRISH CONFEDERATION," which was, indeed, a ricketty and consumptive bantling from its birth, though it managed to drag on a feeble, inglorious, unprofitable, dead-and-alive sort of existence for nearly two years. It is now, however, (even though its poor wandering ghost might once, or even twice, 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,') 'as dead as a door nail,' and the miserable corpse, to borrow the eloquent rhetoric of my old friend Bombastes Buncombe, is 'in unconsecrated grave interred.' When I came out to New York, last May twelve months, I was solicited to become one of the dry nurses of the poor, ill-cared infant. After some brief hesitation, I complied with this request of the other nurses, which compliance I then thought was at all events an act of humanity on my part, but which I now feel was a course by no means dictated by the profoundest political judgment or sagacity."

After a lengthened recital of blunders and failures, he continues: "Though, as a body proposing to unite all sections and societies of Irishmen in America, it has completely failed—though, viewing it as a number of affiliated clubs throughout the Union working under a common directory, it has ceased to exist—yet several good isolated clubs, in all probability, still survive in California, in Nevada, in New York (where there are certainly two remaining, the 'Sheridan' and the 'Union,') in Yonkers, and in some other places. These, perhaps, would do well not to dissolve themselves, but continue to hold on still until a day of better hope for Ireland shall dawn. Whether they should, each and all, endeavor to open up some direct communication with Ireland, is a question for themselves to decide on according to the best of their judgment."

The San Francisco clubs are able to take care of themselves, and show New York a good example. Next week we'll tell what's the matter.

THE CASE OF MATTHEW TARPEY.

We felt called on some weeks ago to denounce the outrage perpetrated in Monterey county on the 17th of March. A dire tragedy was there enacted in open day, the laws of the State were, with impunity, set at defiance by an armed mob, the doors of the County Jail were forced open, and the prisoner, Matthew Tarpey, was taken therefrom and hanged, without mercy or trial, in the sight of hundreds of individuals. The foul deed was not done in a corner, or in the dark; the instigators, perpetrators and abettors of the sanguinary deed are not only publicly known, but they even come forward voluntarily to avow their participation in the crime. It is not claimed here that the act of Tarpey, in taking the law into his own hands and firing at anybody, was not rash and illegal; but it is now an admitted fact that the shooting of Mrs. Nicholson was purely accidental, and that no one more bitterly regretted her death than did Tarpey himself. For the act itself, even if unattended with any fatal consequences, the law should have punished him, and, but for the criminal interference of his personal enemies, would have done so. And a man like Tarpey, fearless, generous, impulsive, vehement and outspoken, must have enemies as well as friends. His nature was antagonistic to everything brutal, mean, or cowardly; he was ready at all times, regardless of danger, to uphold his word, and to put down the wrong-doer; he defended the weak and defied the strong; and was, in short, such a man as would make for himself many enemies and many friends. His friends, however, on the occasion of the late deplorable occurrence, were not so active as his enemies, inasmuch as they apprehended no such fiendish outrage as the lynching of a respectable man in this year of grace, 1873, and in the midst of a community claiming to be civilized. His friends, at all events, did not act in the matter time enough to avert his fate, or save California from the disgrace which has been inflicted on it by his murderers.

Those friends, and they are many, were law-abiding citizens, and, therefore, relied on the officers of the law for his protection. There was, unfortunately, no concert or organization in their movements. With Tarpey's enemies, the case was far otherwise. They were thoroughly organized, as well as thoroughly vindictive; and among other base contrivances, put the telegraph wires in requisition to circulate the foulest calumnies, and to fan the flame of popular indignation against him; the maddest passions of human nature were aroused; a crowd was gathered, and, in short, their action culminated in the crime referred to.

It has been repeatedly asked, why have not those persons who openly trampled on the law of the State been arrested. That they should be arrested, tried and punished, there is no question. Rumors were afloat some time since that the ringleaders of this bad business should have as little mercy meted out to them as they had given to Tarpey; but we are glad to find that those rumors were unfounded. The parties who are desirous of vindicating his character, and having his hangmen brought to justice, have adopted the most prudent course. First, they allowed the excitement consequent on the double tragedy to subside, and gave time enough to the public to come to correct conclusions. The falsehoods circulated respecting Tarpey's career are daily disappearing, and the people can, therefore, more calmly and correctly judge of the facts of the case. Next, the preliminary steps towards legal measures against the criminals were taken. In a document which takes up two columns of the Sacramento *Union*, of Wednesday, and which is republished in yesterday's *Call*, the details of the case are clearly set forth in the form of an "Open Letter" to the Governor of California. It is signed by over two hundred of the most respectable citizens of Monterey county, Watsonville and San Francisco. Several papers have commented on the letter, and some of them in a tone widely different from that in which they approached the subject six weeks ago. The Sacramento *Record* takes the ground that the people of Monterey or of Santa Cruz county must first attempt to do their duty in this matter, and even fail in the attempt, before the Executive can be fairly called on to see justice done. The attempt will be made, and then we shall have a rare opportunity of judging of the materials of which Grand Juries in the counties mentioned are composed. The *Record* is, however, wrong in supposing that any one wishes to see hundreds brought to trial. The condign punishment of the ringleaders will satisfy the ends of justice, and, though it cannot recall the dead to life, serve to deter others from imitating such an outrage.

We await the further developments of this case, satisfied that none but legal measures shall be taken in the matter. If we are living under law, let the law be thoroughly vindicated.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, April 22d, by the Rev. Father Powell, at St. Patrick's Church, Robert Finley, of this city, to Margaret Ann McCue, of Hartford Conn.

In this city, April 13th, at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Father Morrisey, Owen Talley to Annie McCue, both of this city.

In Sacramento, April 20th, Michael Butler to Delia Collins.

DIED.

In this city at his late residence, 20 Folsom street, on Thursday last, the 24th instant, William Somerville, native of Dublin, Ireland, aged 46 years.

[New York, Boston, and Dublin papers, please copy.]

In this city April 22d, Michael Collins, a native of Limerick, Ireland, aged 38 years.

In Sacramento, April 20, Mary, wife of Charles Maloy, a native of Ireland, aged 31 years.

In this city, April 20th, Johanna, the beloved wife of Joseph Guisti, and sister of John and James Lysett, a native of Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, aged 27 years, 4 months and 18 days.

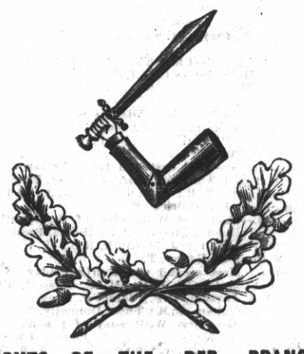
In this city, April 23d, James Henry Sinnott, aged 1 year, 2 months and 24 days.

GRAND.

IRISH NATIONAL.

FESTIVAL.

Under the Auspices of the



KNIGHTS OF THE RED BRANCH.

....AT THE....

CITY GARDENS.

SUNDAY MAY 18TH, 1873.

THE Proceeds will be exclusively applied to advance the Irish National cause.

TWO magnificent Bands have been engaged for the Day and Evening Entertainments.

Splendid Prizes of various kinds will be given to gentlemen, ladies and children for proficiency in the various games.

TICKETS.....50cts,

Children.....Half-price,

Admitting holder to Gardens and all Amusements.

td.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager

THIRD WEEK OF

MRS. D. P. BOWERS

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 28TH,

Grand Production of Shakspeare's Comedy.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

MRS. BOWERS.....Beatrice

MR. McCULLOUGH.....Benedick

☞ The Comedy is presented with new Scenery by W. T. PORTER; new Costumes, new Properties and Appointments; full chorus and the entire Company in the Cast.

☞ Tickets to be had at Desmond's Hat Store; Grand Hotel; Ryan's Book Store, 40 Fourth Street; Noonan & Gavan's Dry Goods Store, 154 Third street; Seares & Foley's Saloon, corner Davis and Broadway, and at the Boat, on the morning of the Excursion.

GRAND IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

Knights of the Red Branch

ATTENTION!

THE ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE DIFferent Clubs of the K. R. B. to make preparations for the GRAND IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL at the City Gardens, on Sunday May 18th, will be held at the Hall No. 757 Market street, on Tuesday evening next, April 29th, at half-past seven o'clock. The different Committees appointed at previous meetings must report promptly.

* * * Secretary.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

CITY NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CHAIN GANG.—The Board of Supervisors has under consideration the project of reviving the chain-gang system, and turning to some profitable account the thieves, bummers and hoodlums, whose headquarters are most naturally within t e precincts of the City Jail. Judging by the salutary effect which this system of a little useful work and a great deal of public humiliation has had in other cities, we should say that many of the offenders who now board out their fines at the Broadway Hotel might be induced to contribute something to the city treasury. There would probably be a less number of blear-eyed devotees of Bacchus, and a less number of loafers guilty of petty theft if they were sure they might have to turn Knights of the broom, and give the channels of Montgomery street a sweeping. On many accounts, particularly the deterr ng effect it would have, we recommend the chain-gang as applicable to thieves, professional vagabonds, and disreputable and habitual offenders generally. The system, however should not be enforced indiscriminately; for accidents happen in the best regulated families, and mishaps occasionally consign tolerably good men to the jailor's clutches for a season.

Lightning-Calculators may be tolerably quick fellows, but if they had less pretensions and more truthfulness they would command greater respect than we can award to the humbugs that carry on the business at the street corners. The short rules which they pretend to have discovered were known two thousand years before they were born. Watching one of these quacks, who made himself a nuisance to the respectable frequenters of Major Jack's Headquarters, we found that their little juggler's tricks on figures are of little consequence, and the book sold for fifty cents is worth ten.

M. Warde has been presented, by the officers of the A. O. H., with a small but beautiful set of jewelry, as a token of their appreciation of the manner in which he has performed his duty as an officer. We congratulate our friend Warde for being the recipient of such a compliment.

Hugh McMenomy, charged with the murder of James Hogan, will be tried in the Twelfth District Court next Friday. This case was set for trial yesterday, but Mr. Fox, defendant's counsel, was absent from the city. Judge McKinstry expressed himself very strongly against the whole theory of postponing important cases to suit the convenience of attorneys, and said this was the last continuance he should allow in McMenomy's case.

The pic-nic of the San Francisco Hussars has been postponed until next Monday.

A Miss Frazer has occupied the attention of the Fourth District Court for the last week in trying to secure $25,000 as damages sustained by her in not being made the wife of J. W. Thrift, whom she believes to be worth that amount of coin and more.

There was quite a spirited sale of oil paintings and statuary at Newhall & Co's. salerooms. Whatever the cause, bidders were present in large numbers, and the prices realized were quite liberal in most cases. There were 106 paintings offered, and the aggregate amount of sales was about $16,000. "Going to the Examination," by Andreas, of Munich, sold for $800; "The Mendicent," after Merle, $410; "Introduction," by Thompson, of Paris, $230; "Cattle," by Mauve, of Holland, $600, "The Old Mill," by Phil Weber, Munich, $300; "Koenig See," by Horst, Munich, $275; "Fruit and Flowers," by Robbe, $140; "Church Interior," by Hann, of Dusseldorf, $125; "The Forbidden Book," by Stevens, of Brussels, $420; "Rural Scene," by Verboeckhoven and Daiwaille $260; "The First Extravagance," by Henry Bacon, of Paris, $320; "Still Life," by De Noter, of Brussels, $140; "Childhood," by Neumann, of Munich, $390; "Infancy," by Betheke, of Munich, $952 50; "German Landscape," by Pfyfer, of Dusseldorf, $237; "Spring," by Lamlhet, of Paris, $310; "Landscape," by Veron, of Paris, $250; "Trying the Jewels," Becker, $165; "Kiss Me Good Night," by Sebes, of Brussels, $200; "On the Rhine," Laroch, of Munich, $215, "Market Women," by Von Sedendel, 122 50; "Marguerite," by Roegge, of Munich, $390; "St. John's Eve," by Sporrer, of Munich, $275; "The Fortune Teller," by Speltdooren, Paris, $390; "The Jewels," by Dumont, Paris, $220; "Interior," by D. Col, Brussels, $122 50; "Traveling in Bohemia," by Vander Venne, Munich, $560; "Two Dogs," by Conneaus; Brussels, $190; "A Glacier on the Matterhorn," by Girsher, of Munich, $375; 'Mutual Friends," by De Vos, of Brussels, $140.

Senator Cole has arrived with his family and young Jesse Grant, son of the President, as a guest. The Senator declares his intention of keeping clear of politics for the future.

Maguire's Opera House, previous to being pulled down to make way for Montgomery Avenue, finishes a rather brilliant career in a very happy manner. With a liberality worthy of imitation, the proprietors put it at the disposal of the Roman Catholic orphanage, on Wednesday evening, and the Protestant orphanage on Thursday evening. On both occasions, the exhibitions given drew crowded houses, and a considerable sum was netted for the benefit of those two charitable institutions.

The Fire Department held a special meeting on Wednesday, and followed the example of the Harbor Commissioners, by cutting off the heads of the chief officers. Scanlan was the first sufferer, and he was replaced by F. E. R. Whitney, after which Mr. Con Mooney had to make way for H. C. Burckes for the office of First-Assistant Engineer. In the election for President, there was a dead lock. Mr. Martin was elected Secretary, instead of Mr. Shine; and Mr. oTrrey offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Chief-Engineer be and he is hereby authorized to re-district, if necessary, the Assistant Engineers and companies of the Fire Department, and reorganize such companies in the Department as deemed by him expedient for protection of the city against fire; and that in the reorganization of any company, where good and reliable men are now members, they shall be reappointed; and if any vacancies are made by him, he shall appoint new officers and men, with the paramount object that harmony shall prevail among the members of each company. Such discharges and appointments shall be made without regard to any political predilections, subject to the approval of this Board.

Mr. Rainey moved that the words "or religious" be inserted after the word "political." He understood that there was a religious Order, called the Order of the Cresent, of which some of the newly appointed officers of the Fire Department were prominent members.

Mr. Merrill asked what sort of an Order it was.

Mr. Rainey said he did not know exactly, but believed it was a rabid anti-Catholic organization.

Mr. Morrey declined to accept the amendment, and the resolution was adopted as read.

The Board then adjourned.

Supervisor Forbes has introduced and order amending Order No. 914, authorizing the Chief of Police to make requisition of the Sheriff for prisoners under sentence, to labor in the City Prison and on public works. It amends the order of providing that prisoners, in addition to being compelled to work cleaning out the City Prison, cooking of food and other necessary labor in the prison, as now provided, may be compelled by the Chief to work on any of the public works where their labor can be utilized, or where it is required. The resolution was passed to print last evening.

The Emmet Guard had their annual Excursion and Pic-nic on Sunday last. The popularity of this efficient company, and the respectability insisted on in the matter of the persons who should participate in their enjoyment, made the occasion one of agreeable and enjoyable interest and harmony. The long train of cars, chartered for the trip to San Jose, not withstanding the appearance of clouds and the fall of a little rain in the morning, had its capacity tested to the utmost in accommodating the excursionists. On arriving in Santa Clara County bright and beautiful weather as well as a splendid promanade awaited them; and when Live Oak Park was reached, dancing and other recreations were patronized. The utter absence of the hoodlum element, the perfect arrangements made by Captain Cleary and his aids, the fine spirit pervading all, and the generous and patriotic sentiment evinced by the friends of the Emmets made the affair a thorough success, and enabled them to overlook the discomfort of the rain which caught the last cars on their return to the city.

M. F. Walsh, the fashionable boot-maker, not satisfied with doing well at 811 Market street, wants to do better, and so has moved up to a new shop in the Windsor House, a fine hotel building just erected at the corner of Fifth and Market. He has a lot of pretty gaiters, a pair of which a friend of ours would like a corresponding young lady to fit.

The trials of smart individuals are peculiar. One of the lively tribe imagining that a not very young lady had lots of coin spread himself, and talked tall. The lady drew conclusions from his diamond outfit, and the pair started on a prospecting tour to purchase a ranch. He now claims pay as the shadow of a land agent and broker; and she—well, she threatens him with the revenge of the law for lying misrepresentation, and other things.

We rejoice to know that our esteemed friend and co worker in the Irish cause, William Walsh, the engineer who so nearly lost his life through the inexplicable explosion which occurred on the 4th inst. at the Metropolitan Gas Works, is rapidly approaching convalescence. This is most gratifying intelligence to his large circle of well-wishers.

Our friends Roantree and Jones of Vallejo are almost as well as ever.

TYPE FOUNDRY: The first Type foundry started on the Pacific Coast was that of Faulkner & Co., who brought out Mr. Foreman from New York in 1866 as superintendent of the business. As printers know, Foreman has ever been found most obliging, as well as most competent to give them thorough satisfaction. Faulkner & Co. having lately suspended business, Mr. Foreman has assumed the proprietorship of the establishment, 405 Sansome street, and calculates on his merit and attention to secure an extensive patronage of the trade.

One of the men who knows how to run a cheap hotel respectably, and make it pay, is Montgomery of Second street. Naturally, his patronage is unprecedented.

Baron McGinn wants to know who it is that stole away three angels from his place of business on Market street. As Jimmy is one of the most generous fellows in San Francisco, he would give a friend an angel or even two if politely requested, but this thing of stealing them is what he objects to. Lest it might be surmised that the said angels took a walk by themselves, it is proper to add that they were intended to ornament the sarcophagus which McGinn is preparing to receive the remains of a distinguished personage lately deceased.

The Epizooty has got a firm hold of the San Francisco horses. The lines of street railroads are considerably interfered with, and business generally where horses are required to carry it on suffers much derangement. For the past week, the disease has been steadily spreading, and as yet shows no sign of abatement. Handcarts and human feet have been put into unaccustomed requisition. Hacks are at a premium, careful driving is the order of the day, and the horses not attacked are having the nicest time they can ever remember. We hope this pest shall soon take its way hence oceanward.

Our neighbor, Thistleston, 9 Post street, whose "Jolly Giant" was such a scare for months to the friends of the gentle and shoot-me-quick Laura D. Fair and to the twelve wise jurors who declared her insane is again on the war path. He is bringing out a new illustrated serial well calculated to set all hands and the cook in roars of laughter, Lots of fun, satire, things ridiculous, things inconsistent, a hundred things to be read and remembered that they may be valued, will appear in next Saturday's number.

MARKET REPORT.

[From the Commercial Herald of April 18th.]

As one result of the late rains, Wheat holders show more disposition to part with their surplus stock. The market, however, is not brisk, as English orders cannot at present be executed within purchasing limits. Barley is neglected and prices steady. Oats have declined under free receipts from Oregon and Nebraska. Hay is without notable change. Bran is considerably higher, owing to the increased feed requirement, occasioned by the epizootic now very prevalent in our city. Flour remains unchanged in value. Corn is plentiful and slow at sale. Beans are unchanged in value. Potatoes are measurably before noted. Onions are considerably higher. Hides are low. Tallow is plentiful and cheap. Wool is in large supply, but the market is bare of choice spring—long staple,

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Butter supplies are very liberal Shipments East for the season have no doubt ceased. We now quote fresh roll table Butter at 22½@27½c. California Cheese, 12@14c; choice new, 15cs Eastern cheese, 15@18c for good to choice. Fresh California Eggs, dull at 25@26c; 15,000 dozen Oregon, received by steamer, selling at 20@22c; Eastern now arriving, selling at 20@22c.

HAY — Supplies continue liberal, with small barge ales good to choice at $18@20; medium, $14@10; common, $11@12 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—The quantity of available stock yet remaining in the State is less than 50,000 sacks. Of these we estimate 20,000 sacks to be Humboldt. The present price $1@1 15, with a hardening tendency; 20,000 sacks Bogeda, Petaluma, and Tomales, and for these rulling rates 75@85c.

CATTLE—Beef is plentiful, selling by the quarter at 5@8c. Calves, 7@9c. Mutton, 6@6½c. Lambs, 10c. Hogs on foot are plentiful, but the demand is light; prices, 5½@7c for live, and dressed, 7@10c, the latter price for small.

WOOL—The spring clip is now coming in freely, and its general appearance is favorable. Prices, however, rule low. Sales for the week in lots, approximate 225,000 lbs spring at 18@20c for good, cleam fleece, average staple, The Mission Woolen Mills paid 25c for a small clip of blooded stock, long staple. This is the very top notch; the quotation 22½@25c for selections of this character. Burry and inferior rule from 12½@18c; some very dirty lots, 10@11c. The market, at best, is very sluggish, as Eastern advices are not favorable to any.

TOBACCO.—Imports from January 1st to April 16th; Bales 898, pkgs 1.264, cs 1,431, hhds 13. Overland: Cases 4,197, bales 1,318, pkgs 1,230.

BAGS AND BAGGING—It is computed that 8,000,000 Grain Sacks, or their equivalent in Hessian Piece Goods, have been shipped to this coast from Great Britain for use the approaching season. The supply will no doubt be increased by shipments via Panama should the exigencies of a large crop require it. At present the market is very quiet and prices nominal, and this state of things will continue until we have rain.

DRY GOODS. CLOTHING. ETC.—Cotton goods are the turn cheaper, as noted in our last. We quote Sheetings brown, 36-inch 13½ to 13c; do medium, 36-inch. 12½ to 14c do light, 36-inch, 8 to 8½c. The Spring trade is now in full blast, requiring free supplies of Staple and Fancy Goods from the East and elsewhere. Arrivals via Panama from England and France are considerable, with daily supplies of Domestic, etc., from the East by rail. The Mission Woolen Mill is expecting a large Government contract for Blankets, etc.

WHISKY—The Stock is large, and the market quiet for all kinds other than the usual jobbing demand for Bourbon. We quote common Bourbon, $1 75 to 2; good to choice old, $2 25 to 4 50. Eastern High Proof common, commands $1 10. Sales of J. H. Cutter's S. U. Suit's and Miller's fine Bourbon, in lots, at our quotations.

THIRD ANNUAL

EXCURSION

....OF THE....

HIBERNIA RIFLES,

....TO....

SAN RAFAEL,

SUNDAY APRIL 27, 1873.

The RIFLES have chartered the commodious steamer CONTRA COSTA, and secured ample Railroad Accommodation for their guests on this occasion.

The Boat will leave Davis street Wharf, near Broadway, at Ten o'clock A. M., and return to the city at Seven P. M., thus affording a rare chance to parties who desire to visit the most beautiful Summer Resort on the Pacific Coast.

Only a limited number of Tickets issued.

KIDD'S FULL BAND accompanies the Excursion.

TICKETS.....One Dollar.
(For the Round Trip.) ap12-2t

CHILION & BEACH,

IMPORTER OF

Books and Fine Stationery,

No. 5 Montgomery St.,

(Masonic Temple) San Francisco.

Monograms and Crests Artistically Designed and Engraved. Constantly in Receipt of New Books and the Very Latest Styles of Stationery. Initial Stamping without Charge. Wedding and Visiting Cards Written, Engraved or Printed. Also, Names Written on Handkerchiefs.

PACIFIC HOTEL.

115 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. MARY O'CONNOR.....Proprietress.

Board and Lodging (per week).....$4 00
6 Meal Tickets.....$1 00

This House is newly furnished with Spring and Hair Mattresses. The best accommodations for families.

J. D. Callaghan, M. D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,

OFFICE.....No. 50 Montgomery street.
RESIDENCE.....No. 852 Folsom street.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 P. M. to 7 P M. ap12-tf

Warner & Silsby

Manufacture all sizes of

BED AND SOFA SPRINGS,

Which they offer to the trade at reduced prices; also, the celebrated OBERMAN SELF-FASTENING BED SPRING.

Any man can make his own Spring Bed with them by attaching them to the slats of any bedstead.

No. 147 New Montgomery Street, corner of Natoma, San Francisco. ap12-tf

Willis' Band.

MUSIC FURNISHED FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
Music imported, arranged and for sale.
Fritz Pipers and Marcus M. Blum, Leading Violinists.

Orders from the country promptly attended to. Address M. W. WILLIS, Eaton's Music Store, No. 138 Montgomery street, or MARCUS M. BLUM, No. 229 Montgomery street. ap12-tf

J. D. Cusheon,

FARMING LAND, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENCY.

Houses to Let, and Furniture of Houses for sale. Collects Notes, Bills, and Accounts. Office, No. 236 Montgomery street, near Pine, San Francisco.

Money Loans and Partnerships Negotiated. Parties looking for any safe and reliable investment, may depend upon receiving valuable information. ap12-tf

Donnelly & Tuite.

BAKERS,

No. 228 First Street.....Corner Tehama.

Families and Grocery Stores regularly supplied with the best quality of Bread, Cakes and Pies. ap12-tf

DR. RENZ'S HERB BITTERS

ARE GUARANTEED TO CURE DYSPEPsia, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Cramp in the Stomach, Billiousness, Female Complaints; and as a tonic and appetizer, Renz's Herb Bitter are unrivaled.

Depot, 221 Sacramento street, San Francisco.
ap12-tf J. RENZ, Proprietor.

Sanders' Dancing Academy,

New Montgomery Street.

APPLY DAILY FROM NINE O'CLOCK A. M. till FIVE P. M.
SELECT PRACTICE PARTIES on Tuesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock.
ap12-tf

George Cahill,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

902 Market Street,

ONE DOOR FROM STOCKTON STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, ap19-tf

Stage Line For Sale.

TEN HORSES AND TWO STAGES ON THE MAIL Route of Thirty Miles between Saucelito, Bolinas and Olima.

Cash required, $1,500. Enquire at the Chicago Hotel, Pacific street, San Francisco. ap19-tf

OFFICE OF THE

City Gas Company,

San Francisco, April 5th, 1873,

CONSUMERS OF GAS ARE NOTIFIED that from and after the NINTH DAY OF APRIL, 1873, the price of GAS will be

FOUR (4) DOLLARS PER ONE THOUSAND CUBIC FEET.

By order of the Board,
ap19-tf W. W. BLOW, Secretary.

Empire Hotel,

311 and 313 PACIFIC STREET,

BET. BATTERY AND SANSOME, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

FREE BATHS.

P. BEIRNE.....Proprietor
ap19-tf

THOMAS CALLAN,

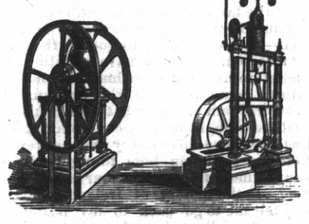
....DEALER IN....

Wines and Liquors,

S. E. corner Merchant and Montgomery Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

OUR SPECIALTIES

COFFEE, TEAS & SPICES



Murphy Brothers,

Nos. 759 and 761 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO. ap19-tf

LITHOGRAPHS. CHROMO — 22 A TRIP TO NEW YORK FOR 22 — BEAUTIFUL FREE

"A TRIP ACROSS THE CONTINENT,"
Over mountain high and plain;
Is a new instructive amusement,
And A California game.

A splendid home amusement, and a family instructor is the parlor game. Price, $2 00. THISTLETON & CO., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco, May be sent by mail. ap19-3m

LAURA FAIR LETS THE "WOLF OUT OF THE Fold;" THISTLETON sells "The Wolf in the Fold" at 9 Post street, at 50 cents and $1.

Look at the phizes of the twelve wise jurors
That acquitted the Fair Laura so bold;
Get one to commemorate the Fair trial,
As illustrated in "The Wolf in the Fold."
ap19-3m

MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL.

227 and 229 Second Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles, and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The Table is always supplied with the best the market affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the comforts of a home.

Board per Week.....$3 50.
Six Meal Tickets for.....$1 00.
Board and Lodging per Week.....$4 00.
Single Rooms with Board (per week)..$4 50 to $5.

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.
ap19-tf

ASTROLOGER.

DR. JOHN ROLL, the most wonderful Fortune Teller in the world, can be found at No. 835 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. He uses all kind of witchcraft, cures all diseases and spells, causes love, returns anythin that is stolen, or run away, and cures drunkards from drinking. He will give love and luck to all who want it Don't forget to call and see him. jy4-tf

THE CITY GARDENS

....FOR THE....

Coming Picnic Season!

THE ATTENTION OF ALL SOCIETIES, ASSOCIations and Military Companies is called to the advantages offered by these commodious and beautiful grounds for Holiday Picnic Festivals. They can be procured on any day in the week for picnic purposes the coming season on more advantageous terms than any grounds in the State.

THE CITY GARDENS

Are easy of access without any tariff to Societies, and are provided with large and beautiful Lawns; large Shade Trees; beautiful Flowers and Plants from every clime; numerous Swings; two mammoth Dancing Pavilions; a natural Lake, with Pleasure Boats; Fountains and Observatory Towers, all perfectly sheltered from the winds. A mammoth Restaurant is on the grounds, and every convenience for the accommodation of large Picnics has been made. Everything has been placed in the most complete order for the coming season.

THE CITY GARDENS

Are the largest in the State. They contain 8½ acres of Knoll and Shaded Lawns, Flower Gardens, etc., and are capable of accommodating 20,000 persons with the greatest convenience. Extra Cars run directly to the Gardens.

Picnic Committees are especially invited to call and inspect the Grounds, and ascertain terms, which will be most favorable.

M. V. STEVENS, Proprietor.

Office hours 3 to 6 P. M. daily, at the Gardens, corner Twelfth and Folsom streets.

N. B.—30,000 Admission Tickets were sold by various Associations holding festivals at the City Gardens last year. The sale of spirituous liquors will be prohibited on the grounds on Festival days. ap19 tf

City Gardens.

Every Saturday and Sunday will be given a

FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

Sunday, April 13th—San Francisco Mannerchor....Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Sunday, April 20th—Eureka Turn Verein Society.
Sunday, April 27th—The Irish Volunteers, escorted by the Irish Volunteers.
Sunday and Monday, May 4th and 5th—Celebration of the San Francisco Turn Verein.
Sunday, May 11th—German Dragoons, escorted by the whole of the German Military.
Sunday May 18th—Festival of the Knights of the Red Branch.
Sunday, May 25th—Pic-nic of the Boilermakers' Union.
Sunday, June 1st—Lafayette Guard, escorted by all the French Societies of the city.
Sunday, June 8th—Festival of the Hebrew Societies.

GARDENS To Let on the Most Reasonable Terms for Festivals, Fairs, Pic-Nics, Etc.

Apply to, or Address,
M. V. STEVENS, City Gardens.
ap12-tf

ANSLEY G. DAVIS,

—THE—

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR,

No. 419 Kearny street, between Pine and California, San Francisco. Importer and dealer in Furnishing Goods, Fancy Notions, Etc. dec-tf

TRY DR. EVORY'S DIAMOND

All we ask is a trial. If your druggist don't keep it, send to Dr. A. F. Evory & Co., No. 9 Post street, San Francisco. ap19-3m

HUGH DOHERTY. E. R. BERMINGHAM.

NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE.

No. 321 Pacific Street,

Corner of Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.

This House is a fire-proof building, newly built, and well ventilated. The rooms are furnished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families or single persons.

Board and Lodging per week, from $5 to $6.

DOHERTY & BERMINGHAM.....Proprietors.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House free of charge. ap19-tf

JOE BALOUN & JULIUS LAMBLA,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 613 WASHINGTON STREET
SAN FRANCISCO.

$6 PANTS.....BUSINESS SUITS, $30.

CITY HOTEL,

(Late NEW ST. CHARLES,)

First St., between Market and Mission, San Francisco.

Board and Lodging, per Day. - - $1.00
Board and Lodging per Week. - - $5.00

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.

The Rooms are Furnished with Patent Spring Beds and Hair Mattresses, and are well arranged, either for families or single persons. Splendid accommodations for the traveling public. This Hotel is situated near all the Steamer Landings. Passengers and baggage conveyed to the House free of charge.

MICHAEL RAFERTY, - - Proprietor.
jy4-tf

SPECIAL NOTICE.—An article that will firmly mend Furniture, Crockery, Glasswase, Statuary, Meerschaum, Dolls, Toys, Leather, and all ordinary household articles likely to be broken, is as dispensable as it is valuable. These requisites are to be found in the well known GIANT CEMENT, which is put up in tin cans only. It invariably gives satisfaction, and is now for sale by druggists, stationers, grocers, and the Giant Cement Company, No. 417 Washington street (opposite the Post Office) San Francisco. *

THE HIBERNIA HALL, 246 Third Street, is newly fitted up in superb style, and fit for the accommodation of large social parties and military displays. It is one of the best Public Halls in the city. The new improvements deserve the attention of public speakers, In this Hall the movements of the audience create no noise Silence is the ally of eloquence. *

GARLAND'S VEGETABLE COUGH DROPS are now acknowledged to be the best remedy known for all Throat and Lung Complaints. Physicians and all that have ever used them recommend them. *

THOUSANDS of testimonials can be seen at the COUGH DROP and CANDY DEPOT, 828 Market street. Warranted to cure or money refunded. For sale by all dealers in medicines. *

THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

BALLADS FOR THE PEOPLE.

KINCORA.

[LAMENTATION OF MAC LIAG FOR KINCORA.—A. D. 1015 TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH. BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.]

This poem is ascribed to the celebrated poet, Mac Liag, the secretary of the renowned monarch Brian Boru, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kincora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac Liag is recorded, in the "Annals of the Four Masters," as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, bnt none of them have obtained a popularity so widely extended as his "Lament?"

Of the palace of Kincora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe there are at present no vestiges. The Colg n-or, or swords of gold is the expression used for gold-hilted swords.

Oh, where, Kincora! is Brian the Great?
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
Oh, where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feast in thy halls, and drank of red wine?
Where, oh, Kincora!

Oh, where, Kincora! are thy valorous lords?
Oh, whither, thou Hospitable! are they gone?
Oh, where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?
And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Morogh, the descendant of Kings,
The defeater of a hundred—the daringly brave
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings;
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave!
Where, oh, Kincora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's son
And where is Donsing, the beautiful chief,
And Kian and Core? Alas! they are gone;
They have left me this night alone with my grief?
Left me, Kincora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth,
The never-vanquished sons of Erin the brave,
The great King of Onaght, renowned for his worth;
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave!
Where, oh, Kincora!

Oh, where is Duvlann of the swift-footed steeds?
And where is Kian, who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the flame of whose deeds
In the red battle-field no time can destroy?
Where, oh, Kincora!

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he,
As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,
Was tributory; oh Kincora, to thee!
Thee, oh, Kincora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth,
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me, to be living on earth
When they, oh Kincora, lie low in the dust!
Low, oh, Kincora!

Oh, never again will Princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians of the Cleaving Swords;
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east and the west, such heroes a d lords!
Never Kincora!

Oh, dear are the images any memory calls up
Of Brian Born!—how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup!
Ah! why did he heap on me honour like this?
Why, oh, Kincora?

I am Mac Liag, and my home is on the lake;
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian, to ask me, and I went for his sake,
Oh, my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, oh Kincora!

The Mitchell Demonstration.

[SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 25, 1853.]

After Mr. Mitchell's escape from penal servitude in Tasmania, and his a rival in this city, all classes of society vied with one another in doing him honor. From the report then published of the proceedings at the banquet, we take the following. Governor Bigler presided, the distinguished guest, John Mitchell being on his right, aud Governor Lane of Oregon on his left. Anong those present were Ex-Governor McDougal, Gen. Sutter, Gen. Denver, Gen. Covarrabias, Archbishop Alemany, Rev. H. Gallagher, Mayor Garrison, Lieut. Gov. Purdy, T. B. McManus, Colonel Henly, P. J. Smythe, Captain Davis, the Commander of the "Julia Ann," in which Mitchell, escaped, Philip A. Roach, Gen. Morse, Chief Justice Murry, Col. Baker, J. D. Oliver, Miles D. Sweeney, etc. "The magnificence of the demonstration," says a journal of the time, "in honor of the long-suffering and lion-hearted Irish Patriot, John Mitchell, has never been equalled in California, and for respectabiliy, unity of sentiment, and manifestation of a genuine and whole-hearted sympathy with the object of his life—the freedom of his native land, it could not be surpassed by any State or country on the globe. From the highest officials of the Executive governments of this State and the neighboring Territory—the Generals of the Mexican war—the Judges of the land—the Mayor and Corporation of this city, the bankers, merchants, professional men and as many of our other various grades of its inhabitants as the largest hall in San Francisco could contain. though crowded to excess, there arose a shout of triumphant joy which will long be remembered bv those present as the most thrilling expression of heartfelt triumph ever uttered by the true representatives of a great people."

To the toast "California our Home," Governor Bigler replied, and among other things said: "To-night, fellow citizens, you have risen in mass to give evidence to your devotion to a principle dear to us all, but which has been proscribed in other quarters and for which you, Sir, (turning to Mr. Mitchell) have suffered in a dungeon—[tremendous applause.] It gives me pleasure to see you greeted in this manner by the people of California. I know no occasion when I have felt so proud as I do to-night, because you are here, fellow citizens, manifesting your attachment to that cause of liberty on which our government rests."

In response to the toast, *John Mitchell and the Indepeudence of Ireland*, Mr. Mitchell arose, and in an instant the whole company were upon their feet. For ten minutes one could scarcely hear himself shout. All eyes were upon the distinguished guest. Above the heads of the assembled crowd hundreds of handkerchiefs were waving, and cheer upon cheer arose. The applause swelled and lulled, and swelled again like the winds upon the tempestous sea. At ast, when all were seated, Mr. Mitchell spoke as follows:

"Governor Bigler and the citizens of San Francisco:—You will not wonder—you will indulge me a little, me a captive of five years' living death, immersed in dungeons by land and sea, or eating the bitter bread of penal exile in the depths of the forest of a convict colony—if my senses are somewhat overpowered by the thunders of your welcome to a free land. I seem like one slowly opening his eyes to the light of the outer world after a long and painful trance, and the splendor of this Republican festival dazzles me. And perhaps had I obeyed the dictates of that humility which becomes a defeated man and a hunted fugitive—if I had taken connsel of my own quiet disposition, I should have asked permission respectfully to decline the high honor you do me this day. God knows it is in no triumph we Irish rebels set foot upon your shores, Americans, with the load of our chains only just shaken off, and the load of our inglorious defeat, which is bitterer than chains, and cannot be shaken off, still heavy on our souls—with some of our comrades still pining in bondage, with the blood-hounds of the enemy still questing on our track behind, and a wide world before us when we have no home, no country—it might be thought happiness enough for us to fling ourselves exhausted upon your soil, and to feel ourselves at last—at last—safe under the hospitable shadow of your Eagle's wings. But the terms in which I have been invited to this board, leave me no room for such feelings. I must not think of myself when you offer me, O, Americans, you offer me sympathy with my cause. And Americans, I have heard, are observant of what passes in the world. You know well what that cause is, and what that sympathy implies. Here is much more than personal compliment; here is something that supersedes and would make ridiculous the affection of personal diffidence. I indeed am nothing, but liberty is sacred, and Ireland is dear, and justice is eternal. And my cause was, and is, and while I live shall be, the cause of Irish freedom against English tyranny—Irish rights against English bayonets. It is the cause of independent industry for our own living against base pauperism for England's gain. It is the same old and dear cause of Irish republicanism to which our fathers were sworn in '98, and for which Tone labored and lived, and for which Emmet could but die. Knowing all this, you tender not to me, but to my country, on this first point of American land I touch, your frank and manly endorsement of that righteous cause. And could I presume to decline this? Could I with an impudent modesty deprecate your sympathy with Ireland's wrongs, your honest indignation against Ireland's enemies and oppressors? No! no! I exult in this hearty welcome. I thank you for it from my very soul. I take a grim delight in it; for well I know the warm words of cheer you gave me to-night will reach the hearts of some of my broken and desponding countrymen, and kindle in their hearts again some sparks of the fire of manhood—the loud echo of freemen's scorn will ring in the ear of our tyrants in their high places, and bid them beware of the next earthquake of the nations. Who will dare talk to me of despair? Who is abject enough to despair of the cause of right, and truth and freedom? In Ireland, indeed, truth has been called a lie by Act of Parliament, and that ancient passion for liberty has been well nigh, as the enemy hopes, crushed and trampled out of her; but after all, Irishmen still belong to that family of the human race whence sprung the heroes and the demigods. High hearts and strong hands are bred there still; and the cup of slavery is still a bitter draught as of old, and the sting of universal contempt is maddening, and time and chance wait on all men, and steel still cuts, and fire still burns, and heaven is above us all. The graves indeed of two millions of our famished, murdered nation will not give up their dead, though the graves are shallow, and the dead coffinless. The seven years of Ireland's sore agony in the talons of English civilization have been endured—they cannot be erased from the calendar—they cannot be forgotten, they shall not be forgiven. Nations have no future state, and therefore national punishments and compensations come in this world; and surely as "sorrow tracketh crime," that foul British empire will be brought to a strict accounting—Ireland will yet have her victory and her revenge.

There are Irishmen here to-nignt—do you my countrymen, tell me that our cause is lost forever? Is the history of Ireland over, then? Do you tell me to go back to my island dungeon and disturb no more the march of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the Crystal palace progress of the species? Forgive me that question, my countrymen. Do not our hearts leap up at the very thought of the next European convulsion? Do they not burn within us when we think of all that peace and order, as tyrants call the chained quiescence of slaves; how it will be shivered on some early day, a day to be called a white day forever, with a crash that shall shake the pillars of the globe, and how thrones and principalities will totter and rush down into chaos before the stormy wrath and execration of gods and men. Bear with me. I have plunged at once into the very heart and centre of my absorbing subject. It has been the passion of my life, it has been the dream of my prison hours, by day and night. No wonder that I wish so eagerly to meet your offered sympathy, my brother Republicans. And let me remind you that I am not a republican because I was transported, but that I was transported because I was a republican. No wonder I gladly hasten to realize to myself the full meaning of that sympathy, and to let all the world, friends and enemies, know the same. Yes, I am an Irish rebel republican, and proud of the title, I who write rebel after my name, and wear it as a frontlet between my eyes, am welcomed and greeted by the citizens of this most American of American cities for my rebellion and republicanism, and for nothing else.

Like Epimenides of old, or like that twenty years' sleeper of your Catskill mountains, I open my eyes and behold what a changed world! Why here, on the spot where I stand—here where five years ago a solitary ship sometimes visited a lonely bay of the ocean at the back of the globe, for a cargo of skins—here has arisen this stately city like an exhalation from the sea. This youngest and fairest daughter of your great Republic was yet unborn when I fell asleep—I awake in the Tyre of the Pacific. No *fata morgana* city of air is this. The genii has not piled it up with clouds. Neither is it like the city of the Cæsars or the city of the Constantines, the enforced workmanship of vassals or slaves, executing the iron will of a despot—here stands the fair achievement of free and sovereign citizens, doing their own behest, and for their own behoof—a city staunch and potent, opulent and free—*esto perpetua!* Long may commerce and freedom sit enthroned within her walls, and the wealth of a thousand isles be wafted to her feet, and pour into her Gate of gold. But this is a phenomenon I have to study. On the threshold of your country I cannot lecture, I can only wonder and admire. Reverently and deliberately it becomes a stranger and aspirant to the privileges of your citizenship to investigate those wise and manful institutions that have bred and nursed the energy of such a race. A changed world indeed! If I look to Europe, there is a change too, but of a far different kind. In England and her strong feudal aristocracy, the despotisms of Europe have their best support—in her Postoffice they have their best detectives. Kind and generous England can cant about constitutional government; but she contracted a debt of eight hundred millions (sterling) to maintain what they call legitimate sovereignity in Europe * * * Europe now is a penal colony, a great jail, a larger Van Dieman's Land. Each royal turnkey sits in his capital like a spider in his den, and the wires of his electric detectives converge from all sides in his hand; for telegraphs and railways, which here in America belong to the people, there in Europe belong to the people's lords and masters. The net work of tyranny seems to be complete, and the crowned conspirators congratulate each other along the wires. So they well may while the thing lasts; but I have already, even at the first glance at this business, made bold to form an opinion which, I think, as there are no detectives in the room, I may venture to hint—the system will not last for ever. But now I will turn away from Europe and her politics, and before I close will confess to you that I have a personal reason, as well as the great public one for joyfully receiving the honor you have done me. The Queen of England's packed jury, you are aware, dared to call me a felon. Now from that foul verdict I appeal to all mankind, and I consider this assembly of American citizens a competent tribunal to reverse it. The great city of New York has reversed the verdict of the packed jury of Clonmel in the case of Thomas Francis Meagher, and although the servile judge sentenced him to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, and prayed God to have mercy on his soul, New York has deemed him worthy to be drawn on a triumphal car through files of cheering freemen, for his effort, though defeated, to free his native land. Which of those two verdicts will command the respect of mankind, the verdict of New York, or that of Lord Clarendon's packed jury at Clonmel? This night you pronounce that I am no felon. But either I am no felon or those who carried me from my home in fetters under a false pretense of law are felons; that is to say, the Queen of England and her ministers, and her partizan judges, and her perjured sheriff, and her learned Attorney-General. Now I wish distinctly, and in a few words, to tell you what the Queen and her servants did to me and mine: there are men at this table who know the truth of what I say—it is my counter indictment, and I shall fearlessly ask the verdict of America and the world upon it. First they procured an Act of their London Parliament to name the work I was engaged in a felony, and attach to it the punishment of felony, with the avowed object of degrading Irish patriots to the rank and to the society of cut-throats and rick-burners, and so making Irish nationalism scandalous and ignominious. Second, when their Act was passed, and when I disobeyed it of course, then came the trial. If I had violated law, I was to be punished by law. Now, I charge the Queen and Government of England, with setting themselves above the law; that is to say, breaking the law which they pretend to vindicate. Third, I charge them with acting upon the sham verdict obtained from a pretended jury, and under that fraudulent pretence robbing my place of business. Fourth, I charge them with further acting on the pretended verdict, by bolting me in irons, and carrying me to Bermuda, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope, and afterwards to Van Dieman's Land, and with deliberately endeavoring for two whole years to procure my death underhand in secret dungeons; and fifth and last, I charge them with doing all this in order that England might continue in quiet to consume that Irish food for want of which the Irish die of hunger.

Now, if all this be true, the Queen of England and her servants are the felons; and the respect you pay to me is a blow to them. They regard me as their enemy, and they are right. You cannot do me an honor without an insult to them—I accept the honor: I hope they will understand the insult. You will not imagine that I relate those things to you as merely a series of personal outrages on me—in that point of view they would be of no importance at all. I relate them that you may judge what species of pretended government that must be where such things can be done in the open day against the will of nine-tenths of the community—that you may see how entirely justified every man is in endeavoring to overthrow and to punish such a Government.

As for me, I have not come here to whien about my own sufferings. In the worst and blackest of my many dungeons my enemies never extorted from me one word of submission. They have indirectly let us know that if we showed contrition we might be liberated. They asked for contrition, they got in reply loud disdain and defiance. What I have said to-night is no more than what I said in the criminal's dock before the false judge—no more than what I have printed again and again in the public newspapers of Van Dieman's Land. Thank Heaven my head has always been high—my heart has always been free, and I wore my fetters lightly as wreaths of roses. When my enemies sought to kill me by long and rigorous confinement in an unwholesome den, what, think you, sustained me and kept life in me?—rage and scorn, and firm reliance on God's justice and the immortal thirst of vengeance. I thank my enemies now that they refused to release me—I am glad they waited for contrition—I am proud that I was liberated not by their Queen's pardon, but by the disloyal aid of some of her Majesty's subjects in Australia, and by the daring and energy of my brave confederate and brother rebel who sits at this table. [Cheers for P. J. Smythe.] Enough then for the past. I fling it behind me from this night, and look forward, forward. I have commenced in your State my noviciate in order to become an American citizen. I believe America will not hold it disloyalty to her, if we Irish-Americans look anxiously out for an opportunity, and if we one day dash at the opportunity to wipe off the dishonor of the old mother-land, and to dry her tears, and staunch her wounds, and make her a participator in that noble republican freedom that your fathers have shown all the world the way to win."

It is needless to say that the applause at the conclusion of this brilliant speech was tumultuous.

Amadeus, the ex-King of Spain, has, by special decree, been re-instated in his Italian citizenship, and is addressed as Duke of Aosta.

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ap5-tf

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LADIES WEAR.	
Ladies' Scoll Vamp, Double Sole Bals	$2 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Double Sole Bals	1 75
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Ladies' Kid Fox Long Gaiters, Double Sole	2 75
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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

AWAY, FAR AWAY.

[BY W. P. MULCHINOCK.]

"Away, far away, o'er the wild ocean foam,
In the mighty far West, go and seek for a home,
Where proud trees are growing, where giant streams run,
Where lakes broad as seas woe the smiles of the sun,
Where Freedom, the cherish'd and loved of the Lord
Was won at the point of the bayonet and sword—
Where each quiet homestead, with bright blazing hearth,
Resounds with the light laugh of pleasure and mirth,
Where free from the sad gloomy pressure of care
The workers and toilers have hearts light as air,
Where gold is the guerdon that freely is paid
The poorest mechanic that strives at his trade,
To the land of the West, to the land of the free,
Away, then away, and away merrily.
A fair breeze is blowing, the ship's in the bay,
A bright lot awaits you, away far away."

Away, far away, with a favouring breeze,
The stout ship we sailed in career'd o'er the seas;
We gazed from the deck on the land of our birth,
The sweetest, the fairest, the saddest on earth;
We wept as it faded away from the sight,
With bright specks of green, in the darkness of night,
With morning we sought for a vision so fair,
But, alas! the loved object no longer was there,
To all our loved friends, to the true and the tried,
In weal or in woe ever found at our side,
To all the loved places we trod long ago,
With hearts never heavy—with feet never slow—
To all and to each with our hearts throbbing high
In anguish the sorest we sobbed a good bye.
While away, far away, and away merrily,
Our ship sought the far West, the land of the free,
Her mighty bows breaking the waves into spray,
In search of her haven, away far away?

Away, far away in her harbour she rides,
She buffets no longer the winds and the tides,
The wherries assisted by sail or by oar,
Are bearing us fleetly and safely to shore:
The light boats are stranded, we leap on the land,
Mid crowds of strange faces in sadness we stand,
"Still onward and forward" we heard our fate cry,
"The Toiler succeeds but the Laggard must die."
We did strive and toil getting up with the Sun,
Till plenty and peace with a free home we won,
Our hearts now are hopeful and glad through the year,
We plough and we sow, and we reap without fear,
A round sum we've gathered in silver and gold,
To cheer us when haply once more we behold
The land that we fled from with wailing and tears,
The land that's made dear by the absence of years.
Oh! fondly we hope that again merrily
We will sail with the gale o'er the wide trackless sea,
To sing and to dance, to be happy and gay
In Ireland, our freeland, away far away.

London.

[Jottings by ALDWIN RECORD.]

The Irish difficulty rather increases. The people are determined to have their own way. Mr. Gladstone has declared against it.

The Welsh strike has crumbled away, and the men are nearly all at work again; but now comes up a more formidable difficulty in the great iron districts of the Midlands. The men are determined to have a large increase of wages; the masters cannot see their way to give the advance demanded. The high price of coal has so raised the cost of manufacture that they can make but little profit. Germans, Belgians and French are working against them. English supremacy in manufacturing is slowly threatened.

London has a taste for the drama, and there are just now forty-eight theaters to gratify it; some of which will hold five thousand spectators, and some of which are crowded with five hundred. Seats range from five dollars to six cents.

I have not counted up the music halls, but there must be nearly a hundred; and dozens of different kinds of entertainments. The music hall is a great institution here. It is the old free and easy expanded and glorified by the law of development. The public houses first introduced a piano-forte and professional singers into the free and easies; then they put them on a stage and enlarged their rooms to admit more company; then got more varieties, gymnasts, dancers, etc., until the old free and easy culminated in gorgeous and magnificent halls that will hold thousands, a stage full of singers and dancers, an orchestra of sixty performers, an army of barkeepers and waiters, hot suppers, drinks and tobacco, and we wont go home till morning. The audiences are such as I believe could not be found in America. Nearly half the beer and gin drinking audience is composed of the lovely sex. Men bring their wives and daughters, lovers their sweethearts, and in the independent English fashion women go alone, as they do to concerts and theaters, proudly independent of male attendance. The most elegant ladies drive alone to opera or theater, and shop girls and working women equally go alone to pit or gallery of theaters, or to the music halls, for their evening recreation. The respectable and those who are not respectable crowd together about the unopened doors, sit side by side, without distinction, or any care about the matter. There is no such thing here as a portion of a theater set apart for disreputable persons. They are scattered over the house from private boxes to gallery. It is the same at the music halls. The mother of a family, with her husband and daughters, jostles, perhaps gets into conversation with—well, very different persons. The queerest music hall I am acquainted with is one built in the rear of a public house in Drury Lane. It is a lofty, well ventilated hall, as splendid as gold and paint, mirrors and gas light can make it. Tables would take up too much room, so it is seated with slips like a church, and on the front of each slip is a narrow ledge for prayer and hymn books—I mean pipes and glasses. The admission is three pence, for which one gets—or rather a thousand get—warmth, light, splendor, music, and three or four hours of constantly varied amusement, singing, dancing, gympasties and no end of fun.

Never was there so sober a St. Patrick's Day in London as the last. They had processions, and a public meeting in Hyde Park, but the day and the night passed off in wonderful sobriety.

A few days ago the Postmaster General advertised eleven vacancies in his department open to young women who could pass the necessary examination. The day and hour came, and there came also 2,000 applicants, crowding the street, blocking the traffic, fainting and going into hysterics with the pressure of excitement. Respectable, educated young women, of course, all struggling for any decent way to earn their daily bread. Can't you form a company and bring a few thousands of these surplus English girls to California?

They hanged the woman that has poisoned so many of her husbands and children. She tried all she could to make interest for a commutation of her punishment, but at the same time prepared for the worst, and said she was going straight to heaven—made, in fact, a most exemplary end, walking as calmly to the scaffold as if her murdered children were all alive around her. It was a mania for murder. In York a man has just been sentenced to penal servitude for life for killing a man—possibly in a quarrel. His bones were found in a field, and those of a boy in a hogpen. This has given a great horror to the Yorkshire people, who have not dared to eat pork for fear of committing cannibalism. Otherwise the common people of these islands are not very particular what they eat. Thousands of tons of meat and fish are condemned and destroyed by the Inspectors of Markets, which, but for them, would be eaten. We learn on high authority that most animals dying a natural death from disease—if death from disease of beast or man can be considered natural—are chopped into sausage. During the week there was a riot in the Midlands, and the police were badly beaten by the mob, because they took from a butcher the carcass of a sheep which was proven before a magistrate to have died of small-pox. The mob, determined not to be deprived of their mutton, rescued the sheep, which was sentenced to be burnt in the jail yard, and I presume they cut it up and ate it. Can you imagine such a riot?

Wife beating, a Magistrate informs us, is on the increase. Men get more wages—more drink; and there is a large class of Englishmen who have no way giving vent to any little exuberance of spirits but by beating, kicking, jumping on or otherwise mashing up the wives of their bosoms. The women of the lower orders are the slaves of the men—when they are not their masters—and the brutalities of negro slavery, whatever they may have been in the days that are past and gone, can be matched and more, every day, in the records of the treatment of women in English newspapers. A bill has been introduced into Parliament this session for the protection of children from what people so unjustly call the brutality of their parents—but where is the law to protect wives? When a woman has been beaten nearly or quite to death her tender and loving spouse may be punished. When the horse is stolen they lock up the stable. If women were scarcer they would be better treated.

The Bermuda Islands.

This group of coral islands has its chief interest for us in the fact that for ten weary months—June 20th, 1848, to April 22d, 1849—John Mitchell endured there a worse than felon's punishment. Oddly enough, the islet to the extreme northwest is called Ireland, and moored off its shore lay the prison hulk Domedary, aboard of which was his dog-hutch. Some of the strange thoughts which swept over his soul as he looked out day after day on the changing sea are mirrored in that eloquent record of his five years' prison life, the Jail Journal. The harbors are safe, but it needs most skillful pilotage to sail safely in or out of them. Reefs which rise nearly to the water's surface extend in all directions, and have wrecked many a goodly ship; and, in the days when steam navigation was unknown, the reputation of the sudden gusts which raised tumultuous billows in the coral channels was something to overawe the bold. Few navigators cared to near the dangerous region where the four hundred islands stretched out a thousand deadly arms, and accordingly most of the early accounts we have come from shipwrecked parties. This coral group is but twenty-five miles long and three broad, and was discovered in 1522 by a Spaniard named Juan Bermudez, who was no way rejoiced to discover it, as in the operation his ship almost went to pieces. His name still clings to the place. The hogs aboard swam ashore, and when in 1609 Somers touched there, hogs and turtles were the only animals found. In 1593, we hear of those reefs again. In that year, Henry May, an Englishman, was wrecked upon one of those coralline arms that extend to the sea; and from his wreck, and the native cedar, he built a small ship, with her returned to England, and gave to the world the first published account of them. In 1572, the King of Spain had made a grant of Bermuda to one of his subjects, but no settlement had been made there; and at the time of May's arrival the islands were entirely uninhabited. The work he published attracted much attention, abounding as it did in accounts of shipwreck—wrought up in fearful style—and of the tempestuous seas by which Bermuda was at all times surrounded. Soon after, it appeared, Shakespeare gave us his comedy, "The Tempest;" the name and many incidents in which seem to have been suggested by May's account. After the airy sprite of the "Tempest," we have the name "Islets of Ariel." "The Bard of Avon" speaks of the "still vexed Bermoothes," alluding, doubtless, to the dangers of the sea in their vicinity, which dangers still exist.

During the reign of Queen Bess, great interest was evinced by Englishmen in the New World. In 1609, nine ships and five hundred men set sail for the relief and enlargement of the colony. Sir George Somers was Admiral of the fleet; Thomas Gates went out to become Lieutenant-General of the colony and sailed with the Admiral in his flagship, the Vulture. The voyage was weary and long. The fleet was tempest-tossed. The Vulture was separated from the other ships, driven to and fro by the merciless winds, and, many days having expired, all on board gave themselves up for lost. The waves had spent their fury upon the flagship of the stanch old Admiral. Its timbers creaked, and water rushed in at the newly created seams. They bailed it out, until, at last, the watery element seemed to have conquered. Like the Girondists, they drank farewell to their comrades, and prepared, as best they knew, to sail to the farther shore. Some cursed, some prayed, while others sternly and sullenly abandoned themselves to their fate. Suddenly a cry of "Land" was heard. The Admiral had espied Bermuda in the distance.

As he was English, the name "Somers' Islands" was given to the group, but the original name has proved the sticking one. When Aaron Burr was arrested for treason to the United States, an Irish barrister of peculiar talents and habits, Mr. Blermerhasett, whom Burr implicated, fled from his fairy solitude in an island of the Ohio to found a new home in Bermuda where he died. When Virginia ceased to be a penal English colony, and when convicts were debarred admittance into New South Wales, the hulks were moored in one of the harbors, and as before mentioned, to the names which give celebrity to the place, Mitchell's was added. The curious may find some interesting incidents connected with the islands in the life of Thomas Moore. In the poems which chronicle his American tour, there are many references to these enchanted islands.

Black Poverty! A wit has said he is so poor that if meeting houses were selling three for a cent, he could not buy the handle of a contribution box.

Interviewing Bogart.

A *Figaro* correspondent has been interviewing Bogart, or says he has, and produces the following conversation in evidence. He was ushered into Bogart's room where the latter was engaged with a friend in playing cribbage.

Reporter. Well, Bogie, how do you find yourself?

Bogart. Oh, Scrumptious! (fifteen two, fifteen four and a pair are six.) Heard from your grandmother yet?

Rep. I've come as an interviewer for the *Figaro*.

Bog. Take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble. (A flush of four and a pair, six.) What the devil do you know about interviewing?

Rep. Everyone must have a beginning. Now then, tell me. When did you first begin to embezzle?

Bog. When I was three years old. I used to embezzle lumps of sugar—(four, five, six four, fivo, six, and a pair's eight.)

Rep. Do you come of a criminal family?

Bog. (Cut the cards,) Yes, slightly. Had a great grandmother, (beg your pardon if I hurt your feelings,) hanged for petty larceny. She was an aristocratic old kleptomaniac, but they didn't understand it in those days, (fifteen two) had a father a Congressman, and a Presbyterian minister, and two cousins in the Brooklyn Navy Yard (twenty with a pair) and a half brother Consul to Egypt, (one for the last card.)

Rep. How did they feed you in the bastile?

Bog. You be blowed! I'm not George Francis Train, and it wasn't a bastile. I had a champagne cocktail in the morning, doves on toast, with mushroom for breakfast, lots of nice things, and more champagne for lunch, and dinner as good as Delmonico ever served (Two pair—damn it!)

Rep. What are your personal habits.

Bog. I clean my teeth and wash my face every morning, change my shirt three times a week, socks according to climate. Go to bed sober four times a week. Eat peas with a fork and don't use a knife for fish. (Cut 'em.)

Rep. What used you to write for the *Chronicle*?

Bog. Pretty nearly everything that was worth reading, (I lack six of being home to deal.) The best editorials, all sensational interviews, and in fact, most of the Annanian and Sapphira business. (I can peg out next time.)

Rep. Do you consider your arrest an unwarrantable outrage?

Bog. Not much. (a run of three.) Perhaps it's a free passage to Washington, which I couldn't get any other way, I consider it (twenty with a pair) a damn good advertisement. Now you just get out of here. You are interrupting me in my game. *Figaro* is the only paper I would give this information to. Git! (I can't get out.)

We then retired wondering at the callousness of the criminal, who seemed altogether too comfortable with such a charge hanging over his head. If he were accused of murder he could not appear more calm and confident.

Chinese Conflicts.

Tha disturbances which occurred on I street in this city a few days ago illustrate the tendency of the Chinese to engage in warfare on their own account, without calling upon our State or General Government to furnish them with supplies or munitions of war, or to pay the war debt after the conflict is over. Some months ago parties connected with one Chinese company kidnapped a woman connected with or belonging to another company. In a day or two one of the parties was butchered on the street. Out of this affair arose the difficulties of last week. In the evening eight or nine Chinamen armed with revolvers passed along I street, shot down and killed one of their opponents on the sidewalk, and stopping at several buildings fired in at the doors and windows, wounding several others. One of the wounded men was found dead in the morning hanging by the neck, under circumstances which render it almost impossible that he could have hung himself. Since the occurrence of these events all has been quiet on the surface, but we have good reason for believing that letters and dispatches have been sent by the contending companies to San Francisco and other places asking that men and arms be sent here in the interest of the respective belligerents. One of the San Francisco companies has taken a decided stand in favor of peace, proposing to send up twenty arbitrators to settle all the questions at issue and thus avert bloodshed. We may perhaps have no further trouble, but from the warlike spirit manifested there is danger, unless the vigilance of our officers shall enforce peace and order. With the Modocs on the north and the Apaches on the south we have enough of commotion and disorder without a Chinese war in our midst. The difficulty of settling Chinese conflicts and quarrels in our courts is greater than any other class of people, because it is next to impossible to get at the facts and almost impossible to identify the offenders.—*Sacramento Union*.

Co-operative Community.

There is stated to be in Iowa a colony which is as near perfection in the way of being a happy and industrial community as people ever get to be. It consists of Germans, and they really believe they have solved the great problem of combination and co-operation, and have hit upon the happy medium of a state of comfort. A colony of this people came to the country about forty years ago and settled near Buffalo on an old Indian reservation of about 6,000 acres. Being too circumscribed, they moved to the Iowa river, about seventy miles from the Mississippi, where they have now 30,000 acres of beautiful land. They have cultivated this soil for about sixteen years, and the soil is diversified with woodland and prairie. The colony consists of about 1,300 persons. Their property is common, but their families are distinct. Those who join and put in property can leave any time and take away their share, but without interest or wages. They dress and live plainly, have good fields and vineyards, make and drink wine and lager beer—but drunkenness is not known. If there is any difference of opinion at any time, every point is settled by arbitration. A Board of thirteen Trustees make all the regulations and superintend all the business. They have canals, water-power, mills, manufactories, machine shops and nice villages. There are good plain school-houses and churches, and the children are kept at school until they are fourteen, when they are taught a trade or agriculture, and their education is continued in the night schools. Early marriages are discouraged, and men are not considered of suitable age for wedlock until they attain 35 years of age, and it is not the custom for women to marry very young. From the indications, it would seem that this people understand how to enjoy life, take things easy and not worry themselves about this world's goods.

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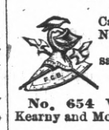

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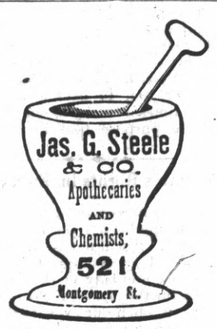

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1873.

Wrangling Societies.

In the following timely article, the *Irish Democrat* reasons well, and comes to commonsense conclusions. We endorse the doctrine laid down, and commend it to the earnest consideration of our readers. It will apply to certain soreheads and egotists in San Francisco almost as well as to the individuals who have done their utmost to make Irish societies in New York ridiculous. This is the article:

"Perhaps there could be no higher standard of religious fanaticism than to see men "hating each other for the love of God"—or of ignorance and intolerance, than to find them "fighting like devils for conciliation's sake." Farcical as such inconsistencies may appear, they are an every day occurrence, and we are grieved to think that the Irish of New York afford a painful proof of it themselves. Day after day, we find members of certain societies and organizations vehemently denouncing other members as schemers, intriguers and political wire-pullers; and, mind you, they do all this out of pure love for the societies. If you were to meet the men denounced immediately afterwards, they would tell you that their assailants were slanderers, maligners, and merely wanted to cover their own track by throwing dirt on their neighbors. It must be acknowledged—and as Irishmen we are sorry to make the confession—that there is too much of this jealous, begrudging spirit among the members of our various temperance and civic societies, and on this account they are losing moral and political influence every day. We say it is the fault of Irishmen themselves. For instance, we ask, what could be more disgusting than to hear one section of Irish nationalists running down another, every bit as honest and patriotic as themselves, as traitors, renegades and English agents?

When Fenianism was broken up into sections this was the cry of one section regarding the others; and we are not sure that experience has taught the national organizations of to-day to be a bit more tolerant. The result was that good men, who would be of great service to the cause, shrank from joining any faction, seeing that their reward was to be looked upon with suspicion and distrust, and to be called hard names by the other "wings."

The result of such unfortunate dissensions and bickerings is painfully evident in the shameful manner in which that grand orgsnization, the St. Patrick's Mutual Alliance, has been split up into factions and jarring elements. As soon as the organization became a power, petty jealousies and spites cropped out, and soon disrupted it into as many wrangling factions as there were branches. Some, who had the good of their people at heart, labored to keep it united, and were willing to make any sacrifices for that purpose; others, who had good fat offices and berths in view, slyly attempted to make it a stepping-stone to place and profit; while the honest masses unthinkingly sided as their views and convictions led them.

We are afraid, too, that the Father Mathew Societies are not much more united or harmonious than the Alliance. Some time since they made a great splurge about raising funds for the erection of a statue to Father Mathew in the Park. This noble and praiseworthy design met the approval of all classes, and the indications were that funds would be liberally subscribed outside the temperance societies. The project pramised well; but it was killed by the jealousies, the bungling and incompetency of the societies themselves. If Mr. Such-a-one was not at the head of this committee and that, he went in for throwing every obstacle in their way, or button-holed a few malcontents like himself, and succeeded, under one pretense or another, in establishing rival committees. Men of this stamp strive to get on every committee, though they should never serve on them, for the popularity of the thing, and manage to have their names flourish prominently in the papers. They are sure, too, to belong to several societies, sometimes as many as eight or ten, for some laudable purpose best known to themselves.

Woman's Rights in England.

If woman, lovely woman, does not eventually succeed in placing herself on a level with "the inferior animal," it will not be for want of trying. We have lady doctors, lady professors, lady politicians, and lady clerks *galore*, but it was reserved for the *London Sporting Life* of March 30th to open our eyes to the fact that another occupation is open to them, as the following advertisement will show:—

A Lady—well acquainted with several influential sporting gentlemen, will send the positive winner of the Lincoln Handicap on receipt of six stamps, and promise of present from winning (to lady backers only), and she requests no gentleman will answer this, and trusts that all readers who may send will use the strictest secrecy.

Lady backers! The young ladies who, according to Mr. Disraeli, talk about "protoplasm" in gilded saloons, lady backers and lady tipsters, are the results of nineteenth century civilization and the "Woman's Rights" movement. The fair sex are now treading so closely upon the masculine heels, not only in the paths of science and art, but, unfortunately, in those of folly and vice, that we feel inclined to remark, like the ebony-complexioned philosopher of illustrious memory—"Men and women are very much alike, especially women."

EPIZOOTIC.—Through the courtesy of *A McBoyle* of *Pratt's abolition oil notoriety* we are enabled to lay before our friends through the country a simple remedy for the disease which at the present time is effecting all the horses in the State. "The disease seems to be a catarrh fever, first in the head, and if not arrested goes to the lungs, ending in lung fever, which very often proves fatal. It begins with a short hacking cough, and within 24 hours the nose discharges first, watery matter, then thickens—light color at first, then darkens—no smell. When the symptoms are first noticed, commence feeding warm mashes of bran and cut hay, give water at the feed and not before. Keep the horses blanketed, inject up the nostrils four times in 24 hours 8 ounces of the following mixture—*One pound Chlorate of Potash, dissolved in 3 gallons of water.*" *In a bucket* of water dissolve one tea spoonful of Chlorate of potash and give half morning and evening after feeding.

That nice little swindle, the "Omaha Grand Gift Concert," has not yet given up its ingenious task of drawing out not prizes, but dollars from the pockets of the credulous fools who bite at lottery baits.

JOHN MITCHELL.

We are glad to perceive by the latest Irish papers that the Testimonial to Ireland's veteran patriot is to be (as we wished it last week), the joint contribution of the Irish people the world over. This is as it should be. The matter has been warmly taken up, in many quarters, and will be easily carried to a successful termination. We calculate on California doing its whole duty to itself and to Mitchell. It should be the first State in the Union to inaugurate energetic action, and give it practical effect. Let committees be organized in every town in the State to do the work well and promptly. The different Irish societies of the city should move in this matter without further delay. The thousands living at a distance in sparsely settled districts should be afforded an opportunity of participating in the national tribute; and therefore, we recommend the organization of such a Central Committee in San Francisco for the Pacific Slope, as will command the respect and confidence of all. Contributions may be expected from all classes, Americans as well as Irish, to swell the grand total. It is suggested that we can do better here than appeal to the people of San Francisco for personal donations. We can organize a national demonstration, throng it with thousands, and make the burden on each so light that it will be unfelt by any. What the particular shape the demonstration should assume, when and where to come off, and how and by whom conducted are matters to be considered with some care. There is, however, such a hearty spirit abroad, endorsing the Mitchell testimonial movement, that we anticipate few difficulties in making it thoroughly respectable. We leave the matter, therefore, in the hands of the representative Irishmen of this city.

The *Irishman*, April 5th, states the case so well, and so nearly in accordance with our own views, that we quote:—"Ireland has never nursed a more faithful son; her cause has never had a more uncompromising advocate than John Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is an extremely sensitive, modest man; knowing this, we feel all the delicacy of the subject we write upon. He is too noble even to *think* that his declining life should be warmed and cheered by the love tokens of his own race, to whose welfare he has devoted a good heart and a great mind. No one needs to know upon what grounds we claim for him, respect, the veneration, and the gratitude of the Irish people wherever they mry be—in England, in Australia, or in the United States. His patriotic fame has traveled to the uttermost limit of his countrymen's wanderings. From every point whither Irishmen's footsteps have been turned should come a generous response to the demand—yes, the demand—we make that John Mitchell's great, enduring services to his country shall be recognized *before it is too late.* The Irishman who, believing in Ireland's right to independence, hesitates to perform this sacred duty to his country's benefactor is unworthy of christian burial.

Men of Irish birth who have made America your home, hear ye this?"

Latest Foreign News.

The Japanese Government recently seized an American ship which was trading off a cargo of guns and ammunition in that Empire, but released her at the request of the American Consul.

The Spanish Government has ordered the enrollment of all the young men of twenty years of age in Spain for military and naval service, and great excitement is the result.

Twenty thousand coal miners of Leicestershire, England, have struck for less hours of labor.

The Pope has suffered a relapse, and the greatest apprehensions are felt as to the result.

Mexican horse thieves recently murdered an American rancher near Fort Quitman, and drove his stock into Mexico. A party of citizens pursued them, bnt were defeated in an encounter with them and driven back home. Several Mexican States are again in open rebellion, and Lozada has turned up again defiant against the Government, and has declared a war of races.

The people of Central America are making the most generous efforts to relieve the thousands of sufferers whom the late earthquake in San Salvador left withouf a home. In the conflagration which followed the catastrophe hundreds of lives were lost, and twelve million dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

It is reported that Sir Samuel Baker and his wife have been murdered by the natives in the interior of Africa.

The slaves of Porto Rico have not only been liberated, but granted political rights. The confirmation of the news set them to cheering lustily for the glory of the Spanish Republic.

The measures for the equipment of the Russian expedition against Khiva are completed in the military districts of the Caucasus, Orenburgh and Turkistan. The columns which have started are concentrated upon the banks of the Caspian Sea, at Emba Fort, and the mouth of the Sir Dayra. The three columns will advance to the frontier of Khiva at the beginning of May, Prince Gortschakoff has laid before the Council of State a decree empowering the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople to withdraw the right of nationality from the Russian subjects living in Turkey who act in antagonism to Russian interests.

The rapid rise in the St. Lawrence last week flooded several streets in Montreal, and compelled the inhabitants to use boats and rafts. Farms along the Caichine road are submerged from three to eight feet deep.

A dreadful agrarian murder was committed on the 14th ult., at a place called Coolbane near the village of Tubbur, County Clare. The murdered man was a fine young fellow named Pat Carty. His body was found horribly mutilated. A man named Howard and his two sons brought before the coroner's jury were discharged; but have been re-arrested by Mr. French, R. M.

Galway lunatics have a glimmering of sense. At the last meeting of the Board of Ballinasloe District Lunatic Asylum, the resident medical superintendent stated that several of the patients had threatened to kill Hopkins, in revenge for his having murdered another patient named John Ray, and remarked that he had communicated with the commissioners, mentioning that it would be well to have Hopkins removed to some other asylum. If that Hopkins had got rid of a political prisoner, he would probably be promoted not removed.

Latest Telegraphic News.

SPAIN.

THE RECENT CONFLICT OF PARTIES IN MADRID—THE REDS IN POSSESSION OF THE CITY.

MADRID, April 24th.—In the conflict of parties recently, there was a definite devision of political elements, each taking sides for and against the Permanent Commission, which body hoped to control the Ministry. Serrano apparently hoped to determine the balance against the ministry by a *coup d'etat*, through a military demonstration and a pronuciamiento in favor of the party of order, and against a dissolution of the Permanent Commission. His plan failed, because at the critical moment the soldiers fraternized with the people and the volunteers proved faint-hearted. The disorders began on Wednesday night. Contreras, lately Captain-General of Catalonia, was fired at near the Plaza de los Toros by volunteers who had taken up arms in defence of the Permanent Commission, and held the bull-ring. At 9 P. M. six batteries of artillery and mitrailleuses were turned on the position held by these volunteers, and they were summoned to surrender, which they did at midnight The Ministry in council resolved that the Permanent Commission was a source of reactionary agitation, and called upon the Commission to dissolve willingly, or be dissolved forcibly. The Reds became violent, forcing their way into the presence of the Commission, but the members of the Ministry personaliy protected the Commission from obnoxious individuals. The Reds have posted themselves at every street corner, and are holding possession of the city. It is variously reported that Serrano has been thrown into prison, and that he has left the city.

LATER— DECREE DISOLVING THE PERMANENT COMMISSION—REVOLT OF ELEVEN BATALLIONS OF VOLUNTEERS.

MADRID, April 54th.—There is great agitation here. The shops and theatres are closed. The Permanent Commission was in session last night, all the Ministers being present. Figueras, the late, and Margall, the present Premier, had a long discussion. Castelar and Salmeron admitted that affairs were grave, but said that the Carlists were checked, and the discipline of the army restored; so it was unnecessary to reconvoke the late Assembly, or to postpone the elections for the constituent Cortes. News having been received that eleven batallions of the Monarchial volunteers had revolted, Castelar asked that the Permanent Commission adjourn for twelve hours, which was refused; whereupon the Ministers retired, and did not return.

Paris, Captain-General of Madrid, has resigned, and is succeeded by General Socias.

The rebellious volunteers, besides firing on Contreras, late Captain-General of Barcelona, killed and wounded four persons.

At night-fall the agitation increased. Shots were fired, volunteers broke into the Hall of Congress, and the members of the Permanent Commission fled.

Sorrano and others are prudently hiding.

The Ministry has issued a decree dissolving the Permanent Commission.

AUSTRIA.

CLOSING OF THE REICHSRATH.

VIENNA, April 24th.—The Reichsrath closed yesterday with a speech from the throne, in which the Emperor made a fitting allusion to the World's Exposition, to be inaugurated next month.

NETHERLANDS.

STATEMENT CONCERNING THE WAR IN SUMATRA.

THE HAGUE, April 24th.—The Minister of the Colonies has given to the press a detailed statement of the war in Sumatra, from which it appears that the Achinese asked for aid from France and Italy before war was declared, but notes were received by Holland from various Powers, which contained most friendly assurances and showed that the intrigues of the Achinese had wholly failed.

ROME.

CONDITION OF THE POPE.

ROME, April 24th.—The Pope has had a relapse, and is again confined to his bed.

ENGLAND.

COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

LONDON, April 24th—By an explosion of a fire-damp, to-day, in a coal mine in the parish of Rhiwabon, North Wales, several miners were killed and many wounded.

PROPOSED PROTEST AGAINST THE REFUSAL OF THE GOVERNMENT TO RECOGNIZE THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

LONDON, April 24th.—A mass meeting of Democrats, to protest against the refusal of the British Government to recognize the Spanish Republic, is to be held in Trafalgar Square, on the 5th of May.

TRIAL OF THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT FOR PERJURY.

LONDON, April 24th.—The trial of the Tichborne claimant, on the charge of perjury, is in progress.

CUBA.

BIDWELL, THE ALLEGED FORGER, DELIVERED TO THE BRITISH CONSUL.

HAVANA, April 24th.—Bidwell, the alleged Bank of England forger, has been delivered over to the British Consul, by order of Captain-General Pieltain, and will probably be sent to England in a man-of-war. Several of the confederates of Bidwell, including Wilson, are still in Havana.

TRIAL OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD'S" CORRESPONDENT.

HAVANA, April 24th.—The Captain-General has informed the British Consul that the trial of O'Kelly must continue. If O'Kelly's guilt is established, the Captain-General will exercise clemency, but he cannot stop the course of law. The Captain-General has given strict orders to treat O'Kelly with the utmost kindness, and to see that nothing is wanting to ensure his comfort. The Consul-General has telegraphed to the Consul at Manzanillo, asking him to do all he possibly can for O'Kelly, and informing him that the moment the tribunal decides, Captain-General Pieltain will act.

All the hard cases are not in America. A burglar who was sentenced the other day at the Maidstone, (Eng.) Assizes to seven years' penal servitude, offered to toss the bench whether it should be fourteen years or nothing.

NOTICE.

An adjourned meeting of the NATIONALIST Publishing Company will be held at the office, No. 5 Post street, on Wednesday evening next at 7.30 P. M.

In the London *Despotch* we read the following respecting the disgraceful treatment of three dead bodies:

On Monday, Mr. Humphreys held an inquest at the Windsor Castle Tavern, Bethnal-green, on the bodies of three children who were found in a coffin with the body of a woman, on Friday last. Walter Burrows, Superintendent of labor at the Bethnal green Workhouse, said that about half-past ten o'clock on Friday morning, a coffin was brought into the dead-house by one of Mr. Burridge's men, which was supposed to contain the body of a woman. He, thinking the coffin looked larger than usual, out of curiosity, opened the lid with a chisel, it only having been nailed down, when he found the bodies of the children with that of the woman. Shortly after, Mr. Burridge called for the body for the ourpose of burying it, when witness told him there was something wrong, He then said, "Have you opened it?" Winess replied, "Yes, and there are some children in it." He begged of him to let him take it away, as no one knew anything about it except witness and a pauper who was standing by at the time. He said that he would square it with them, as he would not have it found out for £50. Mr. William Burridge, the undertaker referred to, said the children found in the coffin, and of whose death he produced certificates, were received from Millbank Prison and Guy's Hospital. His excuse for not burying them in the usual way, and as was intended he should, was that he had lost or mislaid the certificates of burial. He might bring in three or four together; the cemetery people do not ask if they are buried separately, but separate receipts were given in the belief that that was done, The inquiry was adjourned, in order that the causes of death in the cases of the children should be inquired into.

THE Irishmen of Pajaro Valley will hold a Grand Pic-nic near Aptos, midway between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, on May 1st. Their friends of Santa Cruz county have been invited to participate in this celebration, in return for a similar compliment tendered by them last year. It is expected that some practical steps shall be inaugurated on the occasion to give a helping hand to the cause of Irish Revolution.

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